SEXUAL HARASSMENT AT YALE **ANNE NELSON**

THE
NATION

JAN 9 - 1978

JANUARY 7-14, 1978 *60 cents*

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

1278
147737 A62
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
E ORANGE NJ 07019

Valeman

B. J. WIDICK

BIG UNION BLUES
Labor Caught in Meany's Grip

BETWEEN FREEDOM FIGHTERS AND MERCENARIES

What It's Like in Rhodesia Today

John M. Swomley Jr.

GETTING PASSIONATE ABOUT ALASKA

WILLIAM R. HUNT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

public TV and the news

San Francisco, Calif.
James Benet leaves the misleading impression in "Public TV Kills a News Winner" [*The Nation,* Dec. 3] that the demise of KQED's *Newsroom* left public television in general and KQED in particular without any news programming.

In fact, KQED replaced *Newsroom* with a strong nightly news program called *A Closer Look,* which examines the day's major news stories in depth. *A Closer Look* has already drawn praise for its approach, which employs film mini-documentaries, live newsmaker interviews, remote telecasts and in-studio discussion to cover two or three stories carefully and completely instead of trying to cover all the news.

Nationally, there are now some *forty* PBS stations that produce their own nightly news programs, including sturdy operations in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and elsewhere. . . .

George T. Osterkamp
KQED News Director

irrigation arithmetic

Great Falls, Mont.
Mary Ellen Leary's story calling attention to the new effort for enforcement of the 1902 Reclamation Law is most appreciated ["The New 'Winning of the West,'" *The Nation,* Dec. 17]. However, she overlooked a portion of the proposed regulations that is being used by opponents to weaken the argument of those that support the law.

That passage is "equivalency." Based on latitude, climate, altitude, quality of water and land, the various water projects would classify portions of their land in an equivalency to 160 acres of prime land. In a case such as this, 160 acres that is not truly high production land could be multiplied by some factor. Class 4 is most often used because it is .5. In Montana, for example, 160 acres of "fair" quality land multiplied by .5 would become 320. A husband and wife and two children operating with federally subsidized irrigation water could in this way farm 1,280 acres. That, even by Montana standards, would form a large economic unit. . . .

Myron Schober, Secretary-Treasurer,
Montana Farmers Union

keeping warm

Carmel, N.Y.
In the Letters column on December 17, Alfred Baker Lewis takes the President to task for referring to the oil companies' profits as a rip-off, and asks why President Carter doesn't castigate the media, including *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post,* for making a profit. As I reach toward the thermostat, unable to decide whether or not my family deserves another degree of heat, I cannot help wondering what causes his pique. Is it because the oil companies are making too little, or the newspapers too much? I will probably understand far better when, if oil prices continue to soar, I am forced to burn my daily newspaper for warmth because I can no longer afford the price of oil.

Harold Goldstein

beast logic

Auburn, Ala.
Carey McWilliams, in his editorial ["A Dying Institution," *The Nation,* Dec. 10], has been intimidated by lawyers and the law! Lawyers are so used to finding loopholes that they *would* be "unable to understand the concept of premedita-

(Continued on page 9)

EDITORIALS

Chile's Referendum Farce

Like a Grateful Dead concert tha[t] rioting, last week's "referendum" in [C]hile was a performance that did not quite go off [a]s planned. President Pinochet announced it[s] [in]tention to hold the vote after the United Nations General Assembly voted on December 15 to condemn human rights violations in Chile. The resolution was stronger than last year's, and the United States, France and Germany voted for it, instead of abstaining as they had in the past.

Pinochet huffily reacted by ordering Chileans to participate in a mandatory vote for or against Chile (as he called it). Since the country's voter rolls were burned after the 1973 coup, the only way to insure compliance with *el lider*'s command was to proclaim that the voters' identity cards—without which civil life is virtually impossible in Chile—would be stamped as proof the bearers had voted. After the referendum, citizens with non-stamped (and therefore invalid) identity cards would be subject to penalties.

The ballot invited the voter to "support President Pinochet in his defense of the dignity of Chile" and to "reaffirm [*sic*] the legitimacy of the government" in the face of "international aggression." A Chilean flag was printed on the "Yes" ballot; the "No" ballot bore an ominous black banner. Campaigning for a "No" vote was discouraged. Those who tried to distribute "No" leaflets were arrested. The government, on the other hand, used loudspeaker trucks, a flood of posters, and the captive media to make the case for "Yes." Most important, Pinochet controlled every detail of the electoral machinery, permitting him to announce whatever result he felt suited his purposes. It was a classic dictatorial ploy: the call for a plebiscite on a phony chauvinistic question, and the use of the predictably lopsided "result" to justify more repression.

But it was also a blunder. With the meaninglessness of the vote obvious to the whole world, Pinochet stood to gain little in the way of legitimacy. But he stood to lose a great deal else and he did. In recent months Chile had largely vanished from American headlines—the daily grind of repression makes for tedious copy—but the upcoming referendum made news for two weeks, reminding everyone of the horrors of Pinochet's police state. Within Chile, the unique opportunity to vote on anything at all caused great agitation and united the opposition to Pinochet as few events had before. Respected democratic leaders such as Eduardo Frei suddenly had a worldwide forum which they used to denounce the regime. And just eighteen hours before the vote, apparently in fear of rapidly rising anti-government sentiment, Pinochet reversed himself and said that voting would not be mandatory after all.

The referendum also revealed a potentially catastrophic (for Pinochet, that is) split within the junta. Not long after the announcement of the vote, Gen. Gustavo Leigh Guzmán of the Air Force and Adm. José Toribio Merino Castro of the Navy—two of the four members of the ruling junta—publicly disagreed with the move, stat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO OUR READERS

With this issue, we take our leave of *The Nation*, which we have had the privilege—and the problems—of publishing for some twelve years. It passes to new hands with its integrity unimpaired and its independence uncompromised, and we permit ourselves to take pride in that.

The new ownership (insofar as one can speak of "owning" *The Nation*, which has always more resembled a living organism than a piece of property), is of a very different nature than any previous one. As in the immediate past it is a limited partnership; however, there are many more individuals than ever before, and no one of them will represent more than one-tenth of the total investment. Further, the editor's autonomy and independence is assured under the terms of the new partnership. For the first time in its long history, this publication will be beyond the reach, and insulated from the whim, of any single wealthy patron.

The fact that such patrons in the past have been benevolent ones would provide no guarantee for the future. It will be recalled that, about a year ago, negotiations with another group were broken off; subsequent events have proven the wisdom of that decision. We wholeheartedly endorse Hamilton Fish, our successor as publisher, and the group he represents and for which he acts.

Of course, change is in the nature of any living organism; anything that does not change is dead. One cannot contain the future in any present framework. But as far as it is possible—or appropriate—to do so, we feel that we have ensured *The Nation*'s continuation as a strong and independent voice. Therein, also, we take pride.

James J. Storrow Jr., Publisher
Linda Eder Storrow, Associate Publisher

* * * *

In case any of our readers are surprised to find the name of the undersigned still listed as editor on the masthead, they should know that Victor Navasky is finishing a book and will take over as editor in early February. I greatly admire him and his work and believe that he fits in the succession of Godkin, Villard, Kirchwey and McWilliams. Navasky has asked me to continue contributing to this magazine, and I have agreed to do that part-time as I return to the manuscript of a book I was writing when I came here two years ago. *Blair Clark, Editor*

ing that it had no legal basis and was a political mistake. Leigh and Merino even went so far as to refuse to sign the decree setting up the vote. President Pinochet has long been first among equals in the junta, and there have been reports of internal strains due to his ambitions for personal rule. The open break that has now occurred makes the survival of the current junta unlikely. The first major political shift in Chile since the coup would therefore seem to be imminent.

In fact, the intra-junta struggle probably explains Pino-

IN THIS ISSUE

January 7-14, 1978

EDITORIALS

2
6 What's in a Name?—Plenty *Peter W. Martin*

ARTICLES

7 Women Students v. Male Teachers: Sexual Harassment at Yale *Anne Nelson*
10 The Big Union Blues: Labor Caught in Meany's Grip *B.J. Widick*
13 Between Freedom Fighters and Mercenaries: What It's Like in Rhodesia Today *John M. Swomley Jr.*
16 NASA and the Pentagon: The Air Force Eyes a Star War *John Markoff*
18 Death by Incompetence: The Blowout at Yucca Flat *John Harris*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

21 Hanrahan and Gruenstein: Lost Frontier
McPhee: Coming into the Country *William R. Hunt*
22 Gale: The Compound
Allen: Autobiography of a Street Criminal *Alfredo Lopez*
23 Arctic Museum (poem) *Kerry Shawn Keys*
24 *Harper's* Bizarre *Gene Lyons*
27 Theatre *Harold Clurman*
27 Legend (poem) *Brian Swann*
28 Indigenous Music *Nat Hentoff*
29 Art *Lawrence Alloway*
30 Films *Robert Hatch*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
BLAIR CLARK

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
ELIZABETH POCHODA

Assistant Editor
HARRY MAURER

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Circulation, GLORIA SANGSTER; Promotion, MARTIN FLEER.

U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN; Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

Former Editors: EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN; OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD; FREDA KIRCHWEY; CAREY McWILLIAMS.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1978 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 226
No. 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chet's decision to risk the dangers of an electoral farce. Chileans—both military and civilian—who originally supported the junta have become disillusioned with Pinochet's economic and diplomatic failures. The U.N. vote showed that the junta is even more isolated than it was a year ago, despite the fact that the world's attention has been distracted by outrages of more recent vintage than the Chilean terror. By proclaiming the referendum without consultation with his military colleagues, Pinochet apparently hoped to consolidate his personal power. Should he succeed, Chile may suffer years of one-man rule à la Stroessner, Marcos or Idi Amin. But if he has miscalculated, he may be toppled—and as the last two weeks have demonstrated, any sharp struggle within the Fascist camp can only benefit the opposition. Pinochet's bright idea may provide a turning point for the resurgence of democratic forces in Chile.

Changing the Guard at the Fed

Is it conceivable that a President could choose as this country's central banker a person who did not swallow whole all the orthodoxies of current business economics? Of course not. The only mild element of surprise in President Carter's choice of Textron's G. William Miller to succeed Arthur Burns as Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board comes from the fact that he has had little exposure to the ways of the federal fiscal bureaucracy. But those ropes are easily enough learned and it is most unlikely that we are in for any shocks at the Fed.

That much is clear from the reactions of the panjandrums of business to Miller's appointment. "Super," said the chairman of the Bank of America. "One of the finest appointments President Carter has made," declared the president of the National Association of Manufacturers. "We applaud," intoned the chairman of Du Pont, who shed a tear for the passing of Burns but struck the dominant note of the day when he said that Miller "has the confidence of the business community."

In announcing the change, Carter put himself through intricate contortions of sense and logic to explain why the "so wise" and indispensable Burns was after all dispensable. No one could possibly do better than Burns, he suggested, but someone else would be given a crack at it. The rhetoric was aimed at preserving the grail of "business confidence" even as the value of the dollar hit the skids abroad. The changing of the guard at the Fed (it will remain an Old Guard) recalls what Harry Truman did thirty years ago: after his hot battle with the then chairman of the Federal Reserve, Marriner Eccles, over interest rates, Truman appointed a businessman, Thomas McCabe, chairman of Scott Paper, to replace Eccles.

It is worth noting that Miller comes from the world of conglomeratization, that peculiar realm ruled by latter-day capitalism's fantastic tax laws and made possible by them. He heads an economic empire (the fifty-third largest on *Fortune*'s list) whose products range from zippers to military helicopters. Miller and his Textron company have flourished in an economic culture where mergers spawn with the profusion of tadpoles, with lawyers and accountants encouraging the complicated process. Textron was one of the pioneers of this breed and its successful life has been much admired in the business world.

Miller, himself a confident businessman, seems the very embodiment of "business confidence." Hence the chorus of praise for his appointment from the industrial and banking world which has been warning Carter to worry much more about inflation than about unemployment and the unmentionable but persistent "stagflation." What he will try to do about the money supply and how he will consider monetary policy in relation to the totality of the government's fiscal policies are at this point unknown. But so, for that matter, are the real opinions of President Carter on these vital questions. The President has had to deal with the Nixon holdover, Arthur Burns, ever since he took office. Now, at least, he has a new man in the job of central banker. It remains to be seen if Miller will be Carter's own man. The business world evidently doubts that.

Kennan, Elites and 'Consensus'

George F. Kennan, diplomat and historian, can defend himself well, as the record shows. Not only has he set forth his thinking about the world and American policy toward it in hundreds of pages of clear prose but, through a long and distinguished career, he has acted on the principles in which he believes, sometimes hoping that his government would agree with him. So we would not presume to come to his defense if it were not for a peculiarly unpleasant article on Kennan and his works published in *The New Republic*'s issue of December 24 & 31.

The article is by Henry Fairlie, a journalist of British origin who now lives in this country and is a contributing editor of that magazine. The nastiness starts with the title: "Mr. X^2—The special senility of the diplomat." It goes on through thirteen references to Kennan's age (73)—"old," "old man," "senility," "debilitation," and the like.

How this mean-spirited *ad hominen*ism helps Fairlie's argument—which seems to be directed against Kennan's view that the Soviet Union is not entirely frightening—is never made clear (which should not surprise those who struggled through Fairlie's seven deadly essays on that number of famous sins, which *The New Republic* found worthy of publication last year). But his animus gets in the way of his attempted analysis of a speech Kennan made to the Council on Foreign Relations in Washington not long ago. He writes as if he were getting even for a social slight, his pen dipped in the venom a certain kind of second-rate British journalist uses instead of ink.

What appears to gall Fairlie most sharply is a sentence of Kennan's about the present Soviet leadership, which reads: "The regime is headed by a moderate, in fact conservative man; a man who, whatever other failings of outlook he may have, is a man of the middle." To this quite unchallengeable statement Fairlie sarcastically juxtaposes, as if it were in refutation, an account of the predictable behavior of the Soviet authorities in arresting and other-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wise harassing Soviet citizens who attended a human rights vigil—the kind of behavior which Kennan has never condoned and has often criticized.

"Moderate Mr. Brezhnev. Friendly Mr. Brezhnev," he sneers, as if Kennan were defending the rough, repressive habits of that unattractive apparatus, the Soviet state. Kennan, of course, was considering something altogether different: the foreign policy, adventurous or not, of the USSR. He was clearly not speaking of the age-old lack of individual liberty in Russia about which he knows infinitely more than most of us, certainly including Fairlie.

With the substance of Kennan's speech Fairlie has little truck ("What matters in all this is the rhetoric," he writes). He removes himself from the "debate" between those who "think that Russia today poses an immediate military threat to the United States" (citing the Committee on the Present Danger) and their opponents. What concerns him is "what an old man of the establishment then (*sic*) wants to do." He assails Kennan's stated desire to bring about "a more workable consensus behind our policy toward the Soviet Union." Evidently it is bad, in Fairlie's view, to have any kind of agreement standing behind the national policy toward the USSR. As for the term "consensus," he writes that when he hears it "in such a context, I reach for my water pistol." (Apparently that is as violent, or childish, as Fairlie gets, except in his language.)

The much-feared term "consensus" brings us right to the Establishment, which Fairlie pretends to fear. The nameless members of that powerful club may be surprised to find George Kennan listed on their roster. He has spent a good part of his life criticizing, sometimes crankily, their ways. He has never accepted at least two of their major assumptions. One is their belief that the legislature cannot be excluded from the formulation, and even execution, of foreign policy. The other and more important one embraces that whole set of credos about military power and its relation to our posture in the world that has led to the apparently unstoppable competition in strategic weaponry with that other superpower.

Fairlie is especially outraged by Kennan's proposal that "private gatherings" of movers and shakers, in and out of government, might help to produce that dread "consensus" on American policy toward the Soviet Union. Why, that is nothing short of elitism! And, he writes, "we should surely by now be able to agree that an elite consensus on foreign policy is probably the most dangerous way of conducting a country's relations with the world." One answer to that, of course, is that with the possible exception of events in Paris in the early 1790s and again in 1871, "policy" of all kinds in the modern world, and particularly in foreign relations, has always been made by an elite. The quality of the policy naturally depends on the qualities of the elite making it, but that is another matter which Fairlie fails to explore. He does not even hint at what he would substitute for groupings of the influential, but he is surely not thinking of the mob, as he might call it.

There can be no excuse for the sentence that follows. We cite it because its cloudy vulgarity is its own refutation: "What George F. Kennan is proposing is the politics of senility, and one means by that the particular senility of the diplomat." (Distinguished in what way, one wonders, from that of the labor leader, the FBI director or the financier?)

As for the slight substance of Fairlie's critique of Kennan, finally, he seems to believe it almost a sin that the policy of "containment" of Russia, stated by Kennan writing as "Mr. X" in *Foreign Affairs* thirty years ago, "has been converted into one of the self-containment of the United States." The term "self-contained" was once used approvingly for individuals and societies. In Fairlie's usage it has lost that sense of proud and independent character and seems linked with cowering isolation or even darker notions.

Fairlie accuses Kennan of having a kind of romantic obsession with Mother Russia which blinds him to the harsh realities. That is a grotesque misreading of Kennan and his works. But what Fairlie would substitute for this misconception is even more wrongheaded. It amounts to the phantasm of an implacable enemy with which we can deal only by the application of sheer military force. Wise old men, among others, reject that hopeless view.

TV Addiction

Credit the Detroit *Free Press* with a novel and ingenious experiment. In an effort to measure television addiction, the paper recently approached a sample of 120 families with an offer of $500 if they would agree to turn off their TV sets for a month. Of the 120 families, ninety-three turned down the offer without any hesitation. Only twenty-seven agreed to exchange their TV viewing for the $500 incentive offer. A typical response from one woman was: "My husband would never do it. He comes home from work and sits down in front of the TV. He gets up twice—once to eat and once to go to bed." Not for a snack? Or to visit the toilet?

After obtaining the responses, the paper selected five families that had agreed to accept money in exchange for television and sent TV repairmen to their homes to disconnect their sets. It then reported such results as: two people started chain smoking, one going from a single pack to two-and-a-half packs a day; some children played peacefully but others became cranky, bored and begged to have the set turned back on. But most of the fathers said they got to know their children better and four families said they were drawn closer together. Even if this was rather meager information to garner at a cost of $2,500, the experiment was worth while if only because it called attention to a major social addiction of our time as compulsive as boozing or smoking; stated another way, it measured the intensity of this addiction.

But a sequel is needed: did the five families revert to the tube once the trial period had ended? We tremble to think what the results might be if one of Detroit's TV stations were to offer $500, or the price of a good TV set, to readers willing to cancel their subscriptions to the *Free Press* for a month. If the choice were ours, we would opt for the *Free Press* for any month in preference to the local TV viewing, but then we have a print bias. The Detroit experiment does suggest the intensity of TV addiction and, besides, it made a good story for the *Free Press*.

GENERAL BOOKBINDING CO.
QUALITY CONTROL MARK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's in a Name?—Plenty

Peter W. Martin

As the 95th Congress readies for its second session, the fate of President Carter's welfare reform plan appears in doubt. Rep. James Corman (D., Calif.), chairman of the Special House Subcommittee on Welfare Reform that worked over the President's bill this past fall, recently expressed himself as "51 percent positive" it would be law by the end of the year. But Corman is a supporter, and others are at least 80 percent positive that it won't. Administration statements on behalf of the plan have begun to sound defensive. The plan has not captured broad support and whatever the reasons for that failure, part of the blame surely lies with its name.

If the administration had been a business firm with a new beer, detergent or automobile to sell, you may be certain that naming the "product" would have received serious attention. ("Lite," "Safeguard" and "Mustang" were not casually conceived.) But the President's welfare planners seem not to have realized that new social programs pose similar marketing problems. As a consequence, those trying to drum up interest in and support for the President's program must refer to it either as just that—the "President's welfare program"—or by its official title, a phrase taken from President Carter's August 6th welfare statement, in which he described the "Program for Better Jobs and Income." It's hard to doubt that the proposal would be enjoying a happier response from Congressmen, Senators and others, if it had a name that could more rapidly capture peoples' tongues and minds.

The political importance of choosing the right name for any new welfare plan is highlighted by a recent *New York Times-CBS News* poll which suggests that a large majority of the American adult population favors the substance of welfare—government cash assistance to those with insufficient income—but reacts negatively to our only accepted word for it, "welfare."

For all its faults, the Nixon administration understood this principle, no doubt a consequence of having so many admen in the White House. According to a reliable report, when President Nixon was preparing to unveil his welfare reform plan in 1969, picking the right name for the scheme proved more difficult for the President and his staff than agreeing on its contents. "Family Assistance Plan" was finally selected, only hours before Nixon's nationwide television address. (One staff wag labeled an initial draft of the plan "The Christian Working Man's Anti-Communist National Defense Rivers and Harbors Act of 1969.")

The history of FAP (as it soon came to be known) and other recent social programs teaches some lessons about names which welfare reformers ignore at their peril. They are summarized in the following five rules:

Rule 1: *Every social program needs a name.* Those who must deal with a program or are disposed to discuss it—members of the public, agency officials, legislators, the press—cannot continually refer to it as "a plan providing federally funded and administered cash benefits to needy individuals and families." If a program is not given a usable official name, one will be picked up from somewhere. Many of the housing subsidy programs of the 1960s emerged unchristened from Congress. They came to be known by the section numbers of their authorizing legislation. A workhorse of federal sudsidy for a while was the "221(d)(3) program." (It followed the "202 program" and was succeeded by the "236 program.") Obviously, denominations of this sort are unsatisfactory. They give no clue whatsoever to the subject matter of the program and are hard for many people to remember. (Test yourself, for example, on Title I and Title XX—two current federally funded programs.)

Rule 2: *Unsuitable official names are inevitably supplanted by unofficial ones.* Whatever its merits as a program, "Title I of the Demonstration Cities and Metropolitan Development Act of 1966" was a dud as a name, and so it became "Model Cities." Likewise, the companion programs officially designated "Hospital Insurance Benefits for the Aged and Disabled" and "Supplementary Medical Insurance Benefits for the Aged and Disabled" have been known as "Medicare" from the start.

Rule 3: *Suitability demands that a name contain no more than two words.* Otherwise, it will be replaced mercilessly with a nickname, abbreviation or acronym.

This principle has been the downfall of many otherwise excellent names. Programs which illustrate adherence to the rule include Public Housing, Legal Services, and Food Stamps. Examples of its breach (in addition to those mentioned above) include Aid to Families with Dependent Children (which we know as AFDC), Supplemental Security Income (SSI), the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA), Old Age, Survivors, and Disability Insurance (Social Security), and to the Nixon administration's chagrin, Family Assistance Plan (which became FAP—as in "Zap FAP," a slogan effectively used by the National Welfare Rights Organization).

Occasionally this principle has been used creatively; that is, programs have been so named as to produce a satisfactory acronym. Again the best example comes from the Nixon White House. After FAP was zapped in 1970, it was split in two. When it was resubmitted in the House in 1971 one half retained the original name (it would have been nearly impossible to shake it; see Rule 5); the other, for families with employable members, was dubbed "Opportunities for Families." (Get it? OFF.) The same technique was used by former Rep. Martha Griffiths, who submitted a welfare bill in December 1974 based on the work of the Subcommittee of Fiscal Policy of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress which she chaired. The Griffiths plan was called "Allowance for Basic Living Expenses." If it had been enacted we would, no doubt, have known it as ABLE.

Rule 4: *Beyond mere suitability, it is desirable that a name evoke some sense of the subject matter of a program, and avoid unpleasant sounds or associations.* Positive images are useful.

Peter Martin is professor of law at the Cornell Law School, Ithaca, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Should the Carter welfare program become known as "Better Income" it might meet this test; if it follows AFDC and become PBJI it will not.

Rule 5: *The first name applied to a program, whether official or unofficial, is virtually impossible to shake.* Although unhappy with "FAP," that plan's sponsors were stuck with the name and their attempts to attach a new official designation to part of the scheme (a snappy one at that) were largely ignored.

And in 1965, the proponents of a plan of mandatory hospital insurance for the elderly funded through Social Security sensed that its popular name—"Medicare"—was more a liability than an asset. (It was being attacked by the supporters of "Eldercare" and "Bettercare" as implying far more comprehensive health coverage than the plan offered.) They realized however that changing the name at that point was not a realistic possibility.

This last rule suggests the hazard of putting off naming a program or of giving it an unusable official title. Not only is a valuable opportunity lost but there is also a risk that an undesirable nickname will attach. For the time being, the Carter welfare plan is, effectively, unnamed and, therefore, vulnerable.

Academic welfare experts have for years used "negative income tax" to identify a broad range of reform proposals. Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.) gave a group of them sound advice nearly ten years ago. "You need a new name," he said. Negative income tax "has a nice, pure, clean arithmetic appeal—I can understand how 1,200 economists are for it, but it would be hard to find 1,200 other people for it. . . . I don't say this in a trivial or facetious way. I mean it very seriously. These programs depend very greatly on the label attached to them." He might have added that the acronym, NIT, associates uncomfortably with "wit." The Carter administration should be advised to anticipate such catastrophies.

WOMEN STUDENTS v. MALE TEACHERS

SEXUAL HARASSMENT AT YALE

ANNE NELSON

There are occasions when certain facts of life suddenly become issues. People who have ignored or accepted them in the past begin talking about them as political or legal questions to be "settled." Anyone who has attended college is aware, at least by hearsay, that sexual tension may arise between student and teacher. The student attracts the teacher because he or she is fresh, young and admiring, and often responds to the teacher as an authority figure and an intellectual model; literary examples range from Socrates and Alcibiades to Abélard and Héloïse. But this tradition presupposes that the attraction is mutual. If it is not, the situation can dissolve into an ugly power play, in which a teacher can conceivably use his or her academic authority to pressure or punish the unwilling student.

Until recently, a student caught in this relationship had little or no recourse, since the authority of the university and of the faculty was virtually inseparable. In the past ten years, however, students have forced universities to take their civil rights more seriously by taking them to court. They have sued on grounds ranging from racial discrimination in admissions to unfair expulsion, grounds that would have been unthinkable for earlier generations. A new aspect of this attitude came to light last summer, when a group of women decided to sue Yale University for condoning the sexual harassment of its women students.

The lawsuit filed on July 7 claims that Yale is negligent in its refusal to set up a unique grievance procedure for victims of sexual harassment and that, since these victims are predominantly female, the failure to do so constitutes sexual discrimination. The brief argues that this violates Title IX of the Education Amendment of 1972, which prohibits sexual discrimination by educational institutions receiving public funds.

Students before this have sued universities for sexual discrimination in admissions and promotion, and employees have sued employers on grounds of sexual harassment. But the Yale suit is the first to tie a university to charges of sexual harassment, and if it reaches trial, it will pose some new and difficult questions for the adjudicators. What is "harassment," and does it constitute discrimination? Is Yale, as a private institution, bound to answer to HEW, the federal agency in charge of enforcing Title IX? And finally, if the women were sexually harassed, as they allege, did they exhaust the existing legal and administrative grievance procedures before they decided to sue Yale? All three questions must be answered affirmatively if the suit is to be won.

The co-plaintiffs fall into two categories: those claiming to have been harassed and those sympathetic to their plight. The suit is filed as a class action on behalf of all women students at Yale, and the co-plaintiffs themselves present a broad range of grievances.

The first, Ronni Alexander, graduated from Yale in 1977. In December 1974, she went to the student health center where she was given some medication that made her groggy. On her way home she met one of her teachers, who offered to help her back to her lodgings, and there, she alleges, took advantage of her condition to rape her. Alexander says now that, because of her youth and ignorance of legal procedure, she did not press charges at the time, or even report the incident to the university

Anne Nelson, a native of Stillwater, Okla., graduated from Yale in 1976. She is a writer and musician now living in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until three years later. Instead, she withdrew into a severe depression, in which she contemplated dropping out of school and considered suicide. When she finally complained to Yale about the faculty member in the spring of 1977, it was in a half-hearted manner. According to Yale's records, she first sent an unsigned letter, then included her name in a general statement by a group of women. When Yale asked her if she would take part in a proposed investigation by testifying, she refused to commit herself; hence the investigation was dropped.

Lisa Stone entered Yale in 1974. She claims that during her freshman and sophomore years her best friend was another victim of the man who is said to have raped Alexander. Stone sympathized, but neither she nor her friend knew of a channel through which they could register a complaint. Ann Olivarius, class of 1977, was an officer of the Yale Women's Caucus, an organization with about twenty active members. She took it upon herself to act as ombudsman for several women complaining that they'd been harassed, and met with administration officials on the matter. She states that they responded with "delays, aggressive uninterest, hostility and intransigence," and that she was given no protection from the "threats and intimidation" by those she accused.

John Winkler, also a co-plaintiff, began teaching in the classics department in 1974. Shortly thereafter one of his female students told him that her best friend was being pressured by another male professor. Winkler's ground for complaint is that an established procedure for such complaints would improve the teaching atmosphere for him.

Two new co-plaintiffs came into the case in the first week of December. Margery Reifler, a sophomore, states that while she was the manager of the Yale field hockey team, the coach made advances. When she spurned him he punished her by refusing to "grant an athletic letter for managing a varsity team," according to a press release published by her lawyer.

Pamela Price, a young black woman who will graduate this year, claims that a professor warned her that, if she refused to go to bed with him, he would give her a C for the course.

She immediately filed a deposition with the Afro-American Cultural Center, which has a special procedure for handling black student complaints, and explained the situation to her college dean, who is in charge of handling general student complaints. Price then took a year's leave of absence and her grade for the course was duly reported as C. The Yale administration asked two members of the department in question to read and evaluate Price's paper without telling them why they were asked to do so. The result upheld the grade of C. By the time Price returned to Yale, the professor had left to teach in Michigan. Yale took no action on Price's complaint until she requested admission into the suit; then the university's lawyer announced in a hearing on the case that Yale had terminated its investigation of her grievance and was satisfied with her original grade.

The suit has not yet been brought to trial, and the U.S. District Court of Connecticut has been conducting hearings for six months to decide whether or not it should be. One reason for the delay is that the court is critically understaffed; another is that those in charge know that they have an explosive issue on their hands.

That all this should have happened at Yale is both fascinating and apt. Although women have been admitted to the graduate and professional schools for decades, Yale accepted its first female undergraduates in 1969. In that year only 230 first-year women were enrolled, out of a class of 1,259, and the imbalance was still greater in the upper classes, where few transfer students were admitted. As "pioneers in co-education," these first women both basked in the publicity and suffered the pain of being a not totally welcome innovation. Although many male undergraduates had agitated for the admission of women in the heady days of the late 1960s, others complained that they had entered Yale with the understanding that there would be no female "distractions." The loudest objection came from the alumni, many of whom felt that the spirit of Yale was sure to be lost in a cloud of petticoats.

Nor did the faculty weather the change with utter grace. Horror stories abounded in the women's dorms, stories of trying to be inconspicuous as the only woman in a class, only to have the professor single out his victim and ask, ironically and out of context, "What is the *woman's* point of view?" The general anxiety was compounded by the myth of the "Yale Superwoman." Since at first relatively few places were allotted to women, the competition for admission was stiffer for women than for men: their SAT scores ran a good hundred points higher, with corresponding differences in grades and activity records. From 1969 to the present the sex ratio has gone from about 1 to 20 to about 3 to 4, and the atmosphere has considerably relaxed.

But the tension of the early days of co-education set a precedent for a feeling of "specialness" that persists among women at Yale. Although some of them can shrug it off and lead a carefree collegiate life, many others regard their position as a challenge to prove themselves. They feel a need to live up to the privilege of being enrolled in a bastion of male supremacy. A third and least comfortable group is composed of those who call attention to themselves as women. Their ostentatiously feminine dress and mannerisms are sneered at by both male and female counterparts. On the other side of the coin, feminism may be quietly practiced, but those who preach it are often met with derision.

Political ardor of any kind is considered a little old-fashioned these days, and many undergraduates, both male and female, look at the sexual harassment suit in that light. They tend to regard the co-plaintiffs as agitators and publicity seekers. The law is so messy, they shrug; if the administration lets you down you can always drop the course. This attitude is not so far from the one Russell Baker expressed in *The New York Times* soon after the suit was filed. Why are these young women taking their case to court? Their mothers always managed to flirt their way out.

But the question is irrelevant—these young women have taken their case to court, and their lawyer states that they will not withdraw it until there is a legally binding

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

settlement. The relevant questions now lie in how it is being conducted. Any given lawsuit consists of two parts: first, proving that a thing was done, and second, that it was against the law. At this time Yale's counsel maintains that, even if all of the prosecution's accusations are true, Yale is not wrong in the eyes of the law.

This position results in a curious split between Yale's public and legal self-representation. Yale's legal brief depends to a large extent on three arguments: that Title IX does not apply to Yale as a private institution; second, that the suit does not qualify for class-action status because too few of the co-plaintiffs claim to have been harassed; third, that any co-plaintiff who has graduated is no longer a potential victim and any claim she may make is moot. The addition of the two new co-plaintiffs, both undergraduates claiming to have been harassed, weakens Yale's second and third arguments and the university will probably fall back heavily on the first. As it happens the Title IX issue is being fought in other courts with controversial results. It is generally accepted that HEW would like to have Title IX applied as widely as possible, and has been increasingly successful in this goal. Yale is fighting against time when it tries to get the case thrown out of court, and meanwhile the administration is dragging its feet on settling within the institution these and other complaints of sexual harassment.

Yet it is exactly this internal procedure that Yale is using as its moral defense before the general public. *The Yale Alumni Journal* wrote as follows about the case last September:

> The kind of complaints described in this suit are usually dealt with by a Dean of a Residential College, and/or the Dean of the relevant faculty. Whatever the case, the people in responsible positions have handled all kinds of difficulties and complaints, and appropriate steps have been taken.

At least three deans of residential colleges have taken up such complaints in the past, and none of them was aware that the university had taken any punitive, corrective, or otherwise appropriate steps.

According to counsel for the prosecution, the primary demand of the co-plaintiffs is that Yale set up a specific grievance procedure for cases of alleged sexual harassment. It's puzzling that Yale, with its mammoth administrative system for dealing with every other aspect of university life, doesn't take the simple action of setting up such a procedure. There is even a precedent: in the late 1960s grievance machinery was set up on the behalf of black students who reported harassment on campus; it was revived and information about it reprinted in the student handbook when similar incidents took place within the past few years. In both cases, the harassed seem to be asking Yale to assume responsibility for the complaint —not culpability for the crime.

To be objective, one must also question certain actions of the prosecution. The most serious of these was releasing the names of faculty members cited in the complaint. This was supposedly done to protect the co-plaintiffs, shielding them from any psychological attacks these men might launch within the university. This fear seems unrealistic, and the effect has been to taint several men's reputations, giving them no opportunity for self-defense, since the suit was brought against Yale, not against the individuals named. If Yale wins, none of the individuals is cleared by that victory; if Yale loses, their guilt is implicit in the public eye. This issue is especially unfortunate for an English professor by the name of Michael Cooke. Cooke, who enjoys an impeccable reputation and holds a minor administrative post on the Yale campus, was named in the July brief by a student named Eugenia Leftwich. He immediately asked to be included as a co-defendant with Yale in order to clear his name. In the first wave of publicity on the case he was widely mentioned as an alleged harasser. Then, following his protests and request to be allowed to defend himself, his accuser withdrew from Yale and the case, on the ground that she did not want to follow the proceedings from her home in Texas. Cooke's name was dropped, but the damage was done. One faculty member, who is generally sympathetic to the case, called the name-revealing aspect of it "McCarthyesque," and it's easy to see his point.

No matter what legal decision emerges from this tangled case, it will not be the last of its kind, either in its content or its complexity. Groups and individuals at other universities, including state institutions, have already expressed interest in launching similar suits. The first such case at a state university will be especially interesting, since HEW has made it clear that Title IX is fully applicable to government-financed schools (as opposed to schools receiving some federal funds). The outcome of the Yale case will set a precedent of some sort, but no one expects it to be definitive.

If there are three cogent statements that can be made about the sexual harassment lawsuit against Yale, they are these: first, sexual harassment exists at Yale, as at other universities, and it is a problem that Yale must address to the satisfaction of its students. Second, the co-plaintiffs rushed into the legal process before they gave Yale a full opportunity to respond to their complaints by established university procedure; though whether the rush was due to ignorance of the legal procedure, impatience with an inefficient and timid bureaucracy, or hunger for publicity, it

LETTERS (*Continued from page 2*)

tion" (*even* Justice Cardozo), because of its simple and straightforward logic. Premeditation seems to be a rational alternative to spontaneous rage.

Well, I have no intention of being so intimidated by Carey McWilliams that I concede that I have no liberal credentials just because a well-known liberal decides that the only people for capital punishment are: (*a*) on the Right (*b*) defiant (*c*) obstreperous (*d*) unyielding (*e*) tough talkers against the Panama Treaties (*f*) against rational discussion (*g*) against gun control. . . .

I choose to claim that society has a responsibility *to defend itself* against rampaging, unreasoning, dangerous beasts. If such beasts happen to stand upright and look human, society is not relieved of the responsibility of protection for the weakest member of that society, nor is the one who actually eliminates the beast to feel guilty for discharging that responsibility. . . .

W.G.G. Blakney

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is hard to say. Third, in responding to the lawsuit and the issue itself, Yale has closed its eyes to its own problems and chosen to hide behind a façade of procedure. We can look with interest toward the legal resolution, but the likelihood of a clear-cut statement of justice was lost in legality some time ago. □

(On December 21 Arthur H. Latimer, magistrate for the U.S. District Court, District of Conn., ruled on Yale's motion to dismiss the case. He decided to disqualify plaintiffs Winkler, Olivarius, Reifler, Alexander and Stone, but to allow Pamela Price to take her case to trial.

Winkler, Stone and Olivarius were thrown out on the grounds that "none of these claims is of personal exclusion . . . or personal denial" of a federally funded educational activity—or, in other words, they lack standing. Alexander was denied trial because, as a plaintiff who filed after her graduation from Yale, she could show no way she could benefit from relief. Both Reifler and Price are current undergraduates who claim to have been harassed; Reifler, however, "made no complaint on which Yale could act," while Price made repeated formal complaint. In his ruling the magistrate seemed singularly impressed by the fact that Price is in the process of applying to law school and that Yale's refusal to act on her grade may hurt her chances for admission.

Several far-reaching points emerge from this initial decision. Latimer holds that sexual harassment does indeed constitute discrimination under Title IX just as it does in employment situations under Title VII. He also states that Yale is held responsible to Title IX, private institution or not. To Yale's contention that "Title IX may be unconstitutional if construed to allow private suit" (a crucial point, since the elimination of the five other co-plaintiffs leaves Price on her own), Latimer answers that he sees no reason why the title should be less constitutional in a private suit than in class action suit. Although Anne Simon, attorney for the plaintiffs, is "contemplating" appealing the dismissals, both she and HEW can regard this ruling as a preliminary victory in itself.)

THE BIG UNION BLUES

LABOR CAUGHT IN MEANY'S GRIP

B.J. WIDICK

Organized labor in the late 1970s needs innovative policies, fresh ideas, progressive leadership and renovated organizational structures to cope with the array of economic, political and social opposition posed by multinational corporations, national oligopolies and conglomerates. For unions, the painful consequences of their failure to make these adjustments will include increased chronic unemployment, more job losses from plant shutdowns and transfer of production to other areas (at home and overseas), a contraction of membership, a decline in the esteem of workers and the public, and a loss of respect at the bargaining table and in national politics.

As labor tossed on this sea of troubles in the closing weeks of 1977, there was little evidence at the AFL-CIO convention in Los Angeles that its official leadership, personified by President George Meany, was willing to make any significant changes of policy or personnel to counter the downhill slide of recent years. Rather, like the AFL in the 1920s, the top officers apparently prefer the risk of becoming a peripheral force in a changing society to yielding an inch of power, privilege, or the pleasure of affluence.

While the usual spate of resolutions were better written than usual, and the convention resounded with the traditional rhetoric of labor, the sessions were simply well-staged performances put on by the aides of an aging leader who functions, and is treated, as if he were the Pope of the labor movement. Incredibly in a democratic society, there wasn't an ounce of serious disagreement on the convention floor. Indeed, no serious questions of substance were raised.

In at least two respects, the convention was a sad if not pathetic affair because of this prevailing impotence. First, to the surprise of many delegates, but not to the stage manager of the show, the convention was confronted with a constitutional committee amendment to raise Meany's pay from $90,000 to $110,000 a year (not including expenses). With a straight face, the committee spokesman explained the need for this 83-year-old man to overcome the effects of inflation. Almost any other audience in the United States would have laughed the speaker off the stage. Of course, there was some private embarrassment over the proposal, but only one labor leader was so impudent as to discuss the Meany problem publicly. Dissident William Winpisinger, president of the Machinists union, made his point bluntly by declaring, "a picture of George Meany on the front page of an American newspaper has the same kind of impact a picture of Jay Gould or J. Pierpont Morgan once had: that of a cigar-smoking, affluent patriarch." However, the pay-raise proposal was welcomed by those union leaders who dream of hoisting themselves into that salary bracket as soon as possible. No delegate asked what the $110,000 salary might do for the prestige of labor when it engages in organizing drives, or how it might be welcomed by the increasingly active anti-union forces raring to take on labor in Congress and elsewhere.

Then, second, the convention was depressed by the ominous implication of President Carter's cold shoulder

---

B.J. Widick, now a professor at Columbia University, is a former UAW activist. Since 1959 he has been writing on labor for The Nation. *His latest book is* Auto Work and Its Discontents (*Johns Hopkins Press*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to an AFL-CIO invitation, despite persistent private pleas that he address the gathering. His rebuff was unprecedented for a Democratic incumbent, and White House excuses that he was too busy added insult to injury when television showed him going to Camp David with Hubert Humphrey as his guest. Since Carter had committed himself to propose much-needed reforms of the National Labor Relations Act, it had been reasonable to assume he would take advantage of the convention rostrum to explain to the nation his support of the bill, and to rally the Democratic Congress behind him.

Instead, labor is left with the haunting memories of its recent political experiences on labor legislation: President Ford's reneging on a commitment to support a situs-picketing package prepared by his own Secretary of Labor, John Dunlop; what Congress did to that same bill in 1977, and what it did in the fall of 1977 to labor's ardently desired Cargo Equity Act. In that political context, the President's rebuff appears to reflect a calculated judgment of the place to which labor has fallen as a political and social force in this country.

The AFL-CIO is having similar difficulties with the Democratic Congress and its leadership. *Newsweek* (December 12) said: "On Capitol Hill, after the defeat of a controversial bill to ease picketing restrictions on construction sites, labor recovered somewhat. But there is still a feeling among many Congressmen that labor is out of touch. It seemed so one day when Meany was invited to talk to the House Steering and Policy Committee. 'In walked [AFL-CIO lobbyist] Andy Biemiller, who is 75 and looks 90, escorting Meany who is 83,' one Congressman recalled. Meany gave the old-style lecture, as if there was still the total marriage between the party and labor. He was talking to a leadership group that is a generation away from those days."

The loss of 500,000 members in the past two years and the unwillingness of the United Automobile Workers union to rejoin the AFL-CIO did not add luster to George Meany and the organization he dominates. Furthermore, the admittedly dubious party loyalty of the "hard-hat" unions, with the building trades persistently flirting with the Republicans, hasn't helped labor's Capitol Hill lobbying. Nor does the devastating erosion of those unions' economic base contribute to the influencing of people. *The New York Times* recently disclosed that nonunion workers are building between 80 and 85 percent of housing, and about one-third of commercial and industrial construction. Only the protection of the Davis-Bacon Act, which mandates union rates on federal projects, keeps the crisis from being even worse. As for mobilizing the building trades workers to stave off disaster, a candid admission by Robert Georgine, president of the building and construction department, speaks for itself: "By the thousands workers are putting their union cards in their pockets or their shoes and go to work nonunion."

Fortunately for the rest of the labor movement, the United Automobile Workers union is also angry with President Carter. Douglas Fraser, its president, agrees with the AFL-CIO about the vital importance of the

Frank Jacome

NLRA reform. But the UAW also had from the President a firm commitment, made at the May 1977 UAW convention, that he would introduce a national health insurance bill—the top item on the UAW list. Will the President seek to play off the UAW against the AFL-CIO, or simply go into evasive action? The latter maneuver won't work, and White House attempts to placate Fraser in the last days of 1977 won't work either, for the UAW insists that the President make good on his commitments to both labor act reform and health insurance. The UAW does not operate on the "dog-eat-dog" philosophy whereby many AFL-CIO unions cut one another's throats in organizing drives or Congressional lobbying.

Given the state of the individual unions and the pace of Meany's activities, any talk of a labor crusade before the 1978 Congressional elections is mere bluster. Mobilizing the masses is out of the question; Meany doesn't believe in demonstrations. The only one he has tolerated in recent years—the march of 100,000 building trades workers in New York City to support the war in Vietnam—did a lot to hurt labor's public image.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The unions' irritation over "political ingrates" has been vocal, and a "hit list" is reportedly being drawn up by Alex Barkan and the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE). But there is also disagreement with this "one-shot" approach. Jerry Wurf, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), has warned against a "let's get-back-at-them" approach as heavy-handed. He added: "We elect men and women we think are reasonable and fair and just. To approach some Congressmen and say that 'because I gave you a donation and made some get-out-the-vote efforts on your part I own your soul' is counterproductive."

Nor has the AFL-CIO faced up to the fact that today a union endorsement counts for little in many areas. Even in New York City, one of the most thoroughly unionized areas in the United States, the endorsement of most unions did not win renomination for Mayor Abe Beame. Instead, the victory went to Ed Koch, who attracted the voters with his "get-tough-with-the-unions" pitch.

At present one hears brave talk about reforging a labor-liberal coalition, but it is largely an AFL-CIO public relations ploy. Surely if its planners had invited Senators Kennedy and McGovern, along with Ralph Nader, to address the convention, the AFL-CIO would have taken a major step in the coalition direction. And an invitation to Douglas Fraser of the UAW, to give his views, or a resolution asking the UAW to return, were other tactical moves that could have proven the AFL-CIO's interest in building bridges to the Left.

The AFL-CIO had an opportunity not long ago to applaud the success of a growing labor-liberal coalition that has formed in Washington under the umbrella of the Democratic Agenda. More than 1,200 delegates attended a conference sponsored by four major union leaders, Fraser, Wurf, Winpisinger and Murray Finley of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. However, it was conceived and organized by Michael Harrington, chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee—and that's the rub. The AFL-CIO was so disturbed by this event that its supporters announced a revival of the cold-war Coalition for a Democratic Majority to offset the growth of Harrington's influence.

In case anyone had forgotten the AFL-CIO's faithful commitment to the cold war as its top priority on any agenda, the convention's invitation to Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan was a good reminder. The flavor of his approach was set in his opening: "I would just like to make one thing clear. I got in trouble with the United Nations doing what George Meany told me to do." Then he made a vigorous defense of Meany's policy of breaking up the International Labor Organization, never bothering to explain that most labor leaders in the non-Communist world object to that policy and that Israel is remaining in the ILO even though it gave the PLO observer status. Moynihan was followed on the platform by Vladimir Bukovsky, the Russian dissident, who described his ordeals and the tribulations of living under a totalitarian system. However, the climax of this session was the impassioned speech by Lane Kirkland, secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO and heir apparent to Meany, who demonstrated that he was the equal of his mentor in at least one respect: his hard-line foreign policy.

How little AFL-CIO headquarters has learned from recent events was illustrated by a seemingly innocuous item on the agenda: a call for the approval of a Free Labor Institute to be set up by the AFL-CIO in Europe. European labor leaders are furious at this gratuitous insult to their intelligence and policies.

Kirkland's anger because Felipe Gonzales, the Spanish Socialist leader, failed to touch base with the AFL-CIO when he came to the United States at the invitation of the UAW, is further evidence of parochialism. How dare any labor person come to the United States without paying homage to Meany? In truth, the answer to that is easy: any association with the AFL-CIO would have damaged Gonzales irreparably in Spanish labor politics, from which the AFL-CIO has been largely excluded. European Socialists and the UAW, on the other hand, are doing much to help establish a viable labor movement in Spain.

The fact is that the Meany faction in the leadership of the AFL-CIO espouses a foreign policy much more in harmony with anti-union magazines like William Buckley's *National Review* and Norman Podhoretz's *Commentary* than with a broad spectrum of left-of-Center magazines and intellectuals and academics. That's the sort of thing that precludes a genuine coalition: the AFL-CIO keeps looking for cold-war converts, instead of new adherents to labor's cause on the domestic front.

Another factor besides its hawkish stance that prevents the AFL-CIO from exercising any significant influence abroad is its position on foreign trade. It has failed to answer persuasively the charges brought against it of "protectionism" and "isolationism." True, more than 200,000 American workers have over the years been given some assistance under the terms of the 1974 trade act, because they lost their jobs from unfair overseas competition, as determined by the federal government. But a slogan like "Buy American" as the only response to the genuine problems always inherent in foreign trade antagonizes foreign unionists who also have a stake in their jobs. Then, too, there is the fear of an international trade war in which there would be no winners. Late in December, Canadian nationalists demanded that an American General Motors contract for $92 million worth of buses be canceled, an indication that unions everywhere can play that game. The AFL-CIO paid little attention to Vice President Mondale when he pointed out that one in six American jobs depend on exports.

Union leader after union leader came forward at the convention to evoke the nightmare of job loss facing them, but not one spread before the assembly all the issues involved in this grave situation. Two related incidents illustrate the problem: when Youngstown Sheet and Tube closed, putting more than 5,000 employees out of work, their union organized a demonstration against "Japanese steel," while on Wall Street a steel executive was quoted as saying, "We have to close antiquated plants to remain competitive. Thank God for the Japanese and the environmentalists. They'll take the rap."

And while the Carter administration, prodded by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Steelworkers union, works out plans to aid the American steel industry, the managers of steel production put in another price rise, this time about 5.5 percent—proving once again that, whatever else may change, pricing oneself out of competition remains the policy in steel.

One article in the *AFL-CIO News* actually urged a devaluation of the dollar as a way to exclude imports and expand exports. That, of course, is a truism in economics, but the writers forgot to mention the cost of devaluation—a lower standard of living for most of the nation, an erosion of the purchasing power of savings, and a significant boost to inflation. As in so many other matters, the UAW will not join in any AFL-CIO protectionist drives. The threat of retaliation may not bother beleaguered union presidents, but it does trouble internationally minded unionists. And how long would Taiwan and South Korea stay in George Meany's anti-Communist camp if they suffered major job losses due to American protectionism? But the AFL-CIO delegates refused to examine their genuine problems at that level of sophistication. They want merely to eat their cake and have it.

In 1978, national bargaining will take place in three major areas: the Postal Service, covering 600,000 workers; the railroads, where 500,000 are involved; and the building trades, with 400,000 workers directly affected and where the unions are having a particularly difficult time playing tag with inflation.

The current coal strike, the eleven-week Lockheed strike, the eight-and-a half-month UAW strike at Elmwood, Ind., the iron ore strike—all of them in 1977—testify to tougher management resistance and greater cost to union members for what had become routine gains. The climate is for adversary relations in collective bargaining, no matter how much some union leaders may desire accommodation. In that sense, 1977 was a preview of 1978.

However, the critical test this year will not be in the basic mass industries; it will come in New York City, partly because, being a media center, it automatically gets national attention, but also because the New York financial crisis poses some extremely tough problems for its union leaders, notably for Al Shanker of the Teachers Union and Victor Gotbaum, executive director of the 100,000 city employees union in AFSCME. Unless massive state and federal financial assistance makes possible more pay, the unions will be caught in a vise. Any actions by them which might be interpreted as bringing New York to the brink of bankruptcy, or default of its bonds and notes, would adversely affect the unions. With investments of nearly $7 billion in city bonds and notes, the union leaders must help to keep New York financially afloat or jeopardize the pensions of their members. It is not a pleasant prospect. Mayor Koch's tough stance, and the wide public support it has earned him, aggravates the situation. The traditional business union policy of more money for those who work and greater productivity per worker to offset the necessary layoffs is another unpleasant alternative.

In all these troubling circumstances, it is nothing less than tragic that the destiny of organized labor remains in the grip of an aging, part-time president who clings to total power. It is as though labor had voted to tie one hand behind its back before entering the ring against its powerful enemies. The Russian dissidents put it well: "To be silent is to acquiesce." How much longer will the large number of young and talented leaders—there are many of them—remain silent? How soon will they assert themselves to save a creaking organization from further decline? □

BETWEEN FREEDOM FIGHTERS AND MERCENARIES

What It's Like in Rhodesia Today

JOHN M. SWOMLEY Jr.

Almost every black family in Rhodesia has awakened one morning to find a note beginning "Dear Mother" and explaining why a son has decided to join the "freedom fighters." Most of those who have crossed the border into Zambia or Mozambique for training and who have then returned to Rhodesia as insurgents were in school a year or two ago. If they could not afford to attend school they were among the thousands vainly hunting for work in Salisbury or Bulawayo, or they were helping their families till the soil in one of the Tribal Trust Lands. In a few cases boys have been abducted by guerrilla bands and taken off for training. Many, if not most, of the freedom fighters are still in their teens and are affectionately called "the boys" by most African families. The white Rhodesians call them "terrorists."

The Rhodesian Army, against which they fight, is a strange mixture. More than half of the soldiers are blacks, most of them having been driven into the army by years of poverty and unemployment. Though there is no official breakdown, the rest appear to be about evenly divided between white Rhodesians and mercenaries. An Amherst College student who interrupted his studies to fight for white Rhodesia told me that the white troops included volunteers from Portugal, Australia, Canada and the United States, among other countries. Robin Moore, the American author of *The Green Berets*, has opened an unofficial U.S. embassy in Salisbury as a clublike meeting place for U.S. citizens enlisted in the Rhodesian Army.

John Swomley, professor of Social Ethics at Saint Paul School of Theology, Kansas City, Mo., has just returned from Rhodesia, where he spent part of a sabbatical leave. Mr. Swomley is the author of Liberation Ethics *(Macmillan), and a member of the National Board of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *Rhodesian Herald* has said (August 9) that he has the tacit approval of the Rhodesian Government and the ear of the Prime Minister. The unofficial embassy is Moore's home and headquarters of "The Crippled Eagles," as the American mercenaries call themselves.

The Rhodesian Government has turned to mercenaries because its white population is relatively small, fewer than 250,000 men, women and children, and because it has earned the enmity of the black population. The alienation has been caused not only by minority rule but by the forced evacuation of blacks from their homes, by brutality, torture and other reprisals against innocent civilians who happened to be in the vicinity of guerrilla activity.

When warfare began in the early 1970s, the government declared a large section of northern Rhodesia, into which guerrillas were coming from Zambia, a "no go area." Ian Findlay, the commissioner of the Mashonaland Central Province, said that government forces "picked up and moved a population of about 50,000 Africans in the Madziwi Tribal Trust Land into twenty-one "protected villages" (PVs), in order to deny terrorists access to them. All in all, hundreds of thousands of Africans were moved into 122 PVs in the northeast border area and into many others elsewhere in Rhodesia. "Everyone in the area must be in a PV," said Mr. Findlay. "If he leaves he must leave the area or go to another PV."

A black member of Parliament suggested that I visit a PV if I really wanted to understand the war. He offered to show me, if I could get a permit, some of the worst of them. The government ministry refused the permit but assigned a public relations officer to drive me almost 200 miles to a PV that is shown to foreign visitors. We set off with his loaded gun between us. Toward the end of the journey we stopped at a police barracks where we were assured that the last stretch of the drive, a dirt road, had already been checked for land mines.

We entered the protected village, also known as a "keep," through a guarded gate. Inside the high fence is a collection of round huts with thatched roofs, each built by the family that occupies it. Approximately 1,700 people live in this PV, known as Keep Number 5. Near the center of the village an 8-foot-high bank of earth encloses four buildings. These house black soldiers, two white officers, radio equipment, weapons and ammunition. In other words the troops are better protected than the village they guard.

During the day the people may leave the PV to walk 5-to-10 miles to allotted plots of ground where they may have a garden or keep cattle. They must return before curfew and are permitted to take no food with them, since the authorities fear it may end up in guerrilla stomachs. If they do not enter the PV at least half an hour before dusk they must sleep on the ground outside the fence. When the people were moved into the PVs their homes were razed, "so the terrorists are unable to find refuge," and their crops were destroyed "so that terrorists could not get food to eat."

In the European farm areas each property is fenced and armed. A sophisticated radio and alarm system connects neighboring farms to one another and to the nearest police outpost. There are no PVs in such areas, but each farmer has moved his laborers into a village near the farm but outside the fence. Many blacks believe these farm villages are under the influence of the freedom fighters but a government spokesman told me: "We have an intelligence network among blacks in the farm villages to keep us informed about terrorists."

New identity cards are being issued, each black being required to have a pass that shows a photograph, fingerprints, description of scars or birthmarks and a number which must be memorized. Failure to remember instantly the number implies that the pass has been recently acquired and hence that its possessor is a terrorist. The pass must be shown to gain entry into a PV or at any time on demand. Roads are also checked. A black member of Parliament said: "Every white man passes through with his car but every African is stopped and searched. . . . As far as I am concerned at the present stage every African, whether in a suit or in rags, is treated as a terrorist." Even in the streets of Salisbury police reservists stop Africans at random to frisk them.

Even worse than these indignities and the loss of crops and homes is the physical brutality and torture. The Rhodesian Catholic Peace and Justice Commission made a thorough documentation of numerous cases of brutality and torture to present to the government for investigation and action. The government denied the allegations and refused to investigate, Prime Minister Ian Smith calling the Catholic commission "disreputable and biased" and adding that its members "will resort to unscrupulous means in order to denigrate the Rhodesian security forces." But the commission persisted, publishing both appeals to prominent civilians and detailed accounts of beatings and torture of men, women and children. Their reports, including a book called *Civil War in Rhodesia*, were banned. The commission office and the homes of its officers were raided, files were confiscated and the officers were arrested. I met with the full commission. They said: "We have been moved by human suffering and a desire to protect human dignity . . . the commission rejects the use of violence in any form—physical, psychological and institutional—to maintain the status quo or to bring about change."

One account, supported by photographs, describes the beating of a group of "twelve youngsters of the Methodist Youth Fellowship" who sang as they were "returning home from a prayer meeting." They were stopped and accused by the police of attending a meeting of the African National Council. When one of the girls "fell to the ground they kicked and stamped on her." The boys were struck, "kneed in the stomach" and kicked on the ground. Another case describes the torture of women who lived in the area where certain cattle had been shot. One of the women reported a beating with cords of twisted cattle skin while she was forced to "adopt a press-up position." She said: I fell down many times and involuntarily excreted. . . . Because I could no longer put up with the beating, I ultimately accepted whatever they suggested to me. . . ." The commission

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concluded that "if an innocent man is suspected, his innocence may be little defense. It is now known that he runs severe risks if, when interrogated by members of the Security Forces, he persists in protesting his innocence."

Thirteen Roman Catholic missionaries have been killed. The government version is that they were killed by terrorists. A black member of Parliament said: "Many others believe it is the Selous Scouts. It is difficult to be sure because the Selous Scouts are a special military group who have been created to fight terrorists. They dress like them and carry similar weapons. These scouts are black soldiers, often led by a white commander who sometimes blackens his face." United Methodist Bishop, Abel Muzorewa, also told me that "it was the Selous Scouts. . . . We think it is because atrocities committed by the Smith regime have been exposed in a very effective way by the Catholic Peace and Justice Commission and that is the reason for hitting back."

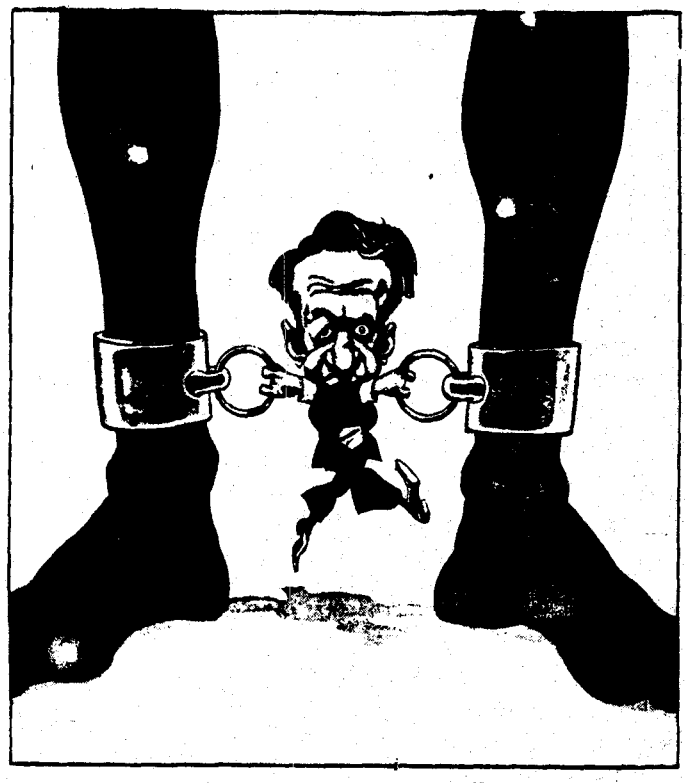
A number of Protestant missionaries have described in interviews their encounter with the freedom fighters. One woman said she was called out of bed, told to dress and walk to the mission school. There they asked her for tape recorders, since it is by cassettes that the guerrillas make reports and communicate. She said there were several but that they were in a locked cabinet. She was escorted home to get the keys. After she turned over the recorders and her watch she was told that if she went directly home to bed and stayed there until morning she would not be shot.

Schools, hospitals and churches in rural areas have been closed by the freedom fighters. Some believe it is done to disrupt normal life; others think that the Nkomo and Mugabe factions want to weaken their rival, Bishop Muzorewa, by depriving him of church collections. Naboth Gandanzara, an African member of Parliament, said the guerrillas trained in Mozambique under the control of President Machel receive instruction in communism and "are unfriendly to churches and church schools." But the "main reason for closing the schools," he said, "was to fight against the government ruling that parents should pay 5 percent of the teachers' salaries. The freedom fighters said this money was used by the government for ammunition to kill them."

With regard to schools, there is no uniform practice. A Methodist mission at Old Umtali near the Mozambique border has the largest private boarding school in the country. When I visited there it was still operating. Therefore, with no basis in fact, the Security Forces allege that there must be some collusion with terrorists or the school would have been closed. The Security Forces have forced all grinding mills in the area to shut down, on the theory that the blacks will have no grain to give the guerrillas. This works a hardship on every African family, since their food staple is meal ground from maize. Many parents are afraid to send their children to school. I have talked with students who, while en route home for holidays, were stopped by soldiers, taken to a military camp and forced to cut firewood or engage in other labor for as long as two weeks.

The freedom fighters are everywhere; they control some of the countryside during the day and much of it at night. None of the major roads can be traveled after dark, and even in daylight some can be traveled only once or twice a day, in armed convoys. Outside the cities most Rhodesian civilians go armed.

I taught for a short term at a small college 17 miles from Salisbury. Although the government believes the Salisbury area to be free of terrorist activity, I was warned by black friends not to display a tape recorder and to be prepared for a knock on the door during the night. One weekend I went with a couple of white teachers to visit the famous Zimbabwe ruins almost 250 miles from Salisbury. As we could not return the same day we rented a cottage for the night. Since the cottage was relatively isolated, we discussed before going to bed how we would act and what we might say if there were a knock on the door during the night. In the same way Africans must constantly face the prospect of a visit from the police or soldiers. An African who holds a grudge against another black can make an accusation with the knowledge that the police will act without requiring the informer to appear or to give any proof of his charges.



Peterson (Vancouver Sun, Canada)

A war of liberation may seem at a distance of several thousand miles to be clear-cut, with the forces of the oppressed waging a righteous struggle against the oppressors. It is far more complex than that. There are fights within fights, with the Nkomo faction opposing the Muzorewa faction. Muzorewa's house was bombed a few years ago, and the bombers have never been identified. Now a high wall surrounds the house, with steel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gates and six to eight guards inside the wall. Africans all over the country are fighting Africans; it is not simply a war of whites against blacks.

The white Rhodesians believe they can continue to stave off the guerrillas, but the Smith government, which hides guerrilla victories and white casualties from the people, knows it cannot afford to wait indefinitely. As an opposition member of Parliament put it: "The government is desperate for change. The terrorists are threatening the towns. The danger is now realized."

Each side thinks its cause is just. The whites believe they are fighting not only for the properties in which they have invested their lives but for life itself. They genuinely believe there is no future for them in a new Zimbabwe ruled by the Africans who have suffered so much at their hands. The liberation movements are fighting to regain control of the land taken from their forefathers by British colonialists. In the middle are thousands of black families who cannot live without food and therefore without working for the white farmer or businessman or police or army. As the months of indecisiveness but accelerating war go by, they suffer the most. □

NASA AND THE PENTAGON

THE AIR FORCE EYES A STAR WAR

JOHN MARKOFF

El Segundo, Calif.

Squat and fat on a Southern California airstrip, the Space Shuttle Orbiter may soon become the prototype of the first American warship to sail in space. The Pentagon has quietly begun using the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's (NASA) new space shuttle program as a steppingstone toward such a vessel, and the growing military interest in space as a potential battlefield presents the nation's civilian space agency with a gloomy and potentially fatal array of problems on the eve of its twentieth birthday.

Pentagon plans, which include military space stations placed in orbit around the earth and the testing of exotic laser and particle beam weapons, skate perilously close to violating the 1967 *Outer Space Treaty* which bans "weapons of mass destruction" in outer space and prohibits the establishment of military bases, installations or fortifications on the moon or other celestial bodies. As in the case of similar arms limitation treaties, the Pentagon has found a variety of ways to circumvent the intent of the treaty and develop a military "mission" outside the earth's atmosphere.

One Air Force general summarized the military's view of the situation: "There has never been a transportation medium in the history of man that has not been exploited for economic and military advantage. Space is not going to be an exception."

The space shuttle is a reusable vehicle which is to be boosted into orbit by powerful rockets and then glide back to earth for an airport landing. Each shuttle orbiter will be able to make the trip into space as many as 100 times. The shuttle program, officially called the Space Transportation System, is putting NASA in the trucking business, carrying freight for customers between earth and outer space. The customers will include research centers and universities, private corporations—and the Pentagon.

The Space Transportation System is the next manned space program for America. A giant follow-on from the Skylab and Apollo programs, it will make manned space flight a daily occurrence by the early 1980s. The Space Transportation System is also expensive. Congressional opponents have estimated its cost to be at least $32.5 billion for the first 500 flights—$65 million a round trip. Some of this cost will be paid for by selling space aboard the shuttle, but only if nonmilitary customers can be found in large numbers.

NASA, now beyond the fast and loose days of the moon race, has been casting around for several years for a mission to pursue during the last twenty years of this century. Lacking the public support it once enjoyed, the agency has had to contend with sharp Congressional scrutiny and finds itself in 1978 with less than a third of the real spending power it had during the mid-1960s. But budget problems pale beside the headache NASA faces in the new Pentagon interest in developing a U.S. military presence in outer space. A growing group of Air Force and Pentagon officials are chaffing at the fact that the U.S. space program is saddled with both military and civilian budgets. These officials have been arguing privately for, and may soon go public with, a plan that would be do away with the nation's commitment to use space for peaceful purposes and would combine NASA with a new military space agency.

The Carter administration, lukewarm in its support for NASA, has undertaken a classified interagency review of the security side of the nation's space program. The study, known as Presidential Review Memorandum 23, was coordinated by the National Security Council. It would have limited U.S. military participation in space, and elicited little enthusiasm from the Pentagon's civilian and military leaders.

Another study, coordinated by Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Gen. George Brown, and carried out in the last half of 1977, involved the Pentagon, NASA and the intelligence community in a broad review of U.S. space

John Markoff writes regularly for Pacific News Service on military affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policy. Officially, all three groups decided that the organizational structure of the nation's space program should remain as is. However, informal discussion now going on within the military indicates that broad changes are possible. Some Pentagon and Air Force officials are intent upon apportioning more of the space program to the military, possibly taking over a number of NASA's missions or creating a new combined military and civilian space agency. The organizational and programmatic future of NASA is still as uncertain as it was when Carter took office last January.

An Army War College study, recently obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, accuses the Soviet Union of pursuing space programs solely for political goals, and warns that sooner or later revolutionary advances in space weapons will be achieved. The authors, two Air Force officers and a member of the U.S. Army Signal Corps, warn that "if the Soviets are the first to develop such weapons our national interests and maybe even our national survival could be at the mercy of the Russians." More important, the military authors of the study refer to the separate U.S. civilian and military space programs as "expensive philosophical luxuries" which the United States cannot indefinitely afford.

The report states, "The present notions that the civilian side doesn't want to be contaminated by military classification or restricted on dissemination of data gained from space may be passé." It concludes, "perhaps if the dream 'space for peaceful purposes' *only* is no longer valid, then a policy decision which allows a more integrated civil/military space technology program is appropriate." The authors note, "The joint development and the use of the shuttle is already a step in this direction."

Ironically, the defeat of the B-1 bomber program last year may have increased the eagerness of the Air Force for a space mission. The B-1, long the darling of the men I.F. Stone refers to as the "bomber admirals," was the last glamorous mission, on earth at least, capable of giving the Air Force a setting for valor and heroism on the field of battle. Accordingly, Air Force officers are now looking to space, and at NASA, as the one area where they can redress the balance in military missions with the Navy, which has been winning interservice Congressional budget wars in recent years.

Military space projects already take up a significant portion of NASA's planned space shuttle missions. More than 100 of the first 560 shuttle flights will carry U.S. military astronauts with satellites and weapons experiments into orbit. The Air Force has taken responsibility for developing launch facilities for the shuttle at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. A second launch site will be at the Kennedy Launch Center in Florida. The Air Force is also developing a space booster to be used in conjunction with the shuttle to place payloads into high orbits above the earth, these being necessary for many military applications.

Air Force scientists are already scheduling the first ten military shuttle missions. They will include defense and fleet satellite communication systems; new sophisticated early warning systems against Soviet missiles; laser weapons developed from the Space Laser Experiment Definition (SLED) studies; Teal Ruby, designed by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) to detect low-flying aircraft; experiments with a new blue-green laser designed to give the United States an advanced anti-submarine capability, and a project code-named HALO, designed by DARPA to detect Soviet missiles.

Air Force officials stress that these projects are only the tip of the iceberg. Col. T.R. Sumner, military project director for the space shuttle at Air Force Space and Missile Systems Organization (SAMSO), stated in an interview: "Our visibility in the space program is probably in the neighborhood of five or six years' time. I personally predict the number of launches that we're going to see with the shuttle will increase fairly dramatically over the next ten-to-fifteen years." Sumner would not be pinned down on what possible "futuristic applications" were in store for the shuttle, but the Air Force has planned missions that envision space stations manned by sixteen-to-twenty soldiers in as many as five different orbital planes, exchanging crews and supplies for tasks lasting a week or longer.

The Air Force is now looking into the possibility of placing military command centers in space, and the Aerospace Corporation, a Southern Califonia military think tank with offices located next to SAMSO in El Segundo, completed a study in 1975 on the feasibility of placing a huge array of mirrors in orbit to reflect the energy of ground-based lasers and shoot down enemy missiles. The study proposed that an advanced version of the space shuttle would put the mirrors in orbit, at an estimated cost of $105 billion. Air Force officials are already talking about a follow-on to the shuttle. Scheduled to appear in the year 2000, the "son-of-shuttle" may take off as well as land like a conventional airplane. If the Air Force has its way, it will be the first space battleship.

The Air Force is also concerned about the vulnerability of the space shuttle to attack by Soviet anti-satellite weapons. It has considered how the shuttle might be shielded against nuclear blasts and is "examining the possibility of defending the shuttle" with space lasers.

In the public mind war in space is still a movie-screen fantasy, whereas the reality is that space has already become a key part of American military planning. Indeed, the Pentagon has already used space to fight one war. During the war in Vietnam high priority communications between the United States and Southeast Asia went through Syncom II and III satellites and later through a more complicated constellation of eighteen defense communication satellites. Photos and critical data were transmitted to Washington command headquarters within minutes after they came from the war zone and the National Operational Meteorological Satellite System and the Naval Satellite System provided direct weather observations in target areas just before and during bombing operations.

John Foster, former head of the Directorate of Defense Research and Engineering (DDR&E) at the Pentagon, was emphatic about military reliance on space systems

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the ominous possibilities for their future use: "The nature of the war in Vietnam and the possibility of future involvement in limited conflicts has placed greater emphasis than ever on the use of space technology to enhance our tactical warfare capabilities."

NASA/Pentagon cooperation in the space shuttle program has been called into question by the Council on Economic Priorities. It warned in a recent report that Congressional ability to control American progress in space will be complicated by the inclusion of the military in the shuttle program. "Because the Department of Defense will be entirely dependent upon NASA's transportation system for space launches," the council report states, "there is a danger that in the future NASA programs will be oriented toward military rather than civilian and scientific purposes."

That is already happening. Former astronaut Dr. Brian O'Leary, now an astronomer at Princeton, has charged that the shuttle program is dominated by the military and is therefore "eliminating many promising programs in space science and applications."

Rep. Les Aspin (D., Wis.) has also charged that NASA increased the payload of the shuttle from 25,000 to 65,000 pounds to satisfy the Air Force and that, at the military's insistence, shuttle thrust was increased and other technical changes were made in the program.

Today, NASA is penetrated by former Pentagon personnel and a complicated set of organization interlocks insures cooperation between the two agencies. To facilitate shuttle mission planning, joint organizations exist at all levels of the Pentagon, the Air Force and NASA. At the highest level the Aeronautics and Astronautics Coordination Board links the director of DDR&E with the NASA deputy administrator. Below this committee, three other major committees composed of military and NASA planners work on space shuttle technical matters. Air Force project teams are also assigned to NASA centers.

"If you look at the key operational positions in the space program in the top tier of the NASA administrative structure, almost everybody is a DoD background person. That is, everybody is a civilian who served in the office of the Secretary of Defense or somewhere in the DoD," according to Dr. Gordon Adams, director of the Council of Economic Priorities in New York. Dr. Robert Frosch, the new chief administrator at NASA, was a career military physicist for the Navy and the Pentagon before taking over NASA's top spot.

Whatever fears others may have that the arms race is being expanded in a new direction, military planners are excited about possible star wars. "I think the space shuttle has been letting a lot of demons out of the cave," one Pentagon scientist told *Aeronautics and Astronautics* recently. "Space is a dandy arena, actually, but you've got to attract strategic war off the planet. The notion of abhorring war in space is just plain wrong." □

DEATH BY INCOMPETENCE

THE BLOWOUT AT YUCCA FLAT

JOHN HARRIS

Early this year a group of security guards will bring suit against the government in federal court in Las Vegas over something that happened in the Nevada desert seven years ago. The plaintiffs allege that "on or about December 18, 1970, the United States did detonate an underground nuclear bomb at or near Yucca Basin," and that "because of negligence . . . an 800-foot-high cloud of nuclear radiation escaped into the atmosphere." They claim that carelessness on the part of the scientists working for the Atomic Energy Commission and for the University of California's nuclear weapons laboratory at Livermore allowed them to be exposed to life threatening amounts of radiation.

The trial, which will be only the first of several arising from this accident, is expected to go on for many weeks. Whether or not the plaintiffs gain any part of the several million dollars they seek, the story of that day in 1970 will come out for the first time from behind a screen of secrecy.

It is a disturbing story, one that raises questions about how nuclear weapons tests are conducted and how "the system" responds when things go wrong. And when the trial testimony is compared with the news releases issued at the time of the accident it will be seen that, not for the first time, the government has used the pretext of national security as a way to prevent the public from hearing of a dangerous mishap.

Testing began at the Nevada site in 1951. In the following years it was the scene of several hundred nuclear explosions. The radioactivity from these tests rose into the stratosphere and spread around the world. Scientists not affiliated with the AEC became concerned about the health hazards of this fallout and their research led to a worldwide protest movement. In 1963 the United States and the Soviet Union signed the partial test ban treaty by which they agreed that all future tests would be conducted underground.

Early on that morning seven years ago security guard Harley Roberts drove up the road from Mercury toward Yucca Flat for another day of the routine weapons testing that had been going on that week. But what happened that morning caused the United States to suspend all weapons tests for several months. And three-and-a-half years later Harley Roberts was dead.

John Harris is a free-lance writer and an engineer at the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center in California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The test scheduled for that day was code-named "Baneberry," a flower with clusters of white flowers and poisonous berries. The weapon, with an explosive force of 10,000-to-20,000 tons of TNT, had in the preceding days been lowered to the bottom of a hole 913 feet deep. The hole had then been filled with a carefully designed series of layers of gravel and asphalt.

Roberts arrived at his duty station at 7:30 A.M. but the night guard, Jack Cupples, never went off duty that morning. As he and Roberts felt the vibration which told them the weapon had been fired, they saw, surging up from the desert to the north, a great ugly cloud of dust and smoke. "It just spewed out of the ground," Roberts said later. Film shot from a helicopter overhead later showed a 300-foot fissure in the desert through which flame and smoke gushed, forming a cloud that rose several thousand feet into the sky. The explosion had broken through a fault in the rocks that form the valley floor, and molten rock and ash were being forced to the surface by the million-degree temperature at the bottom of the hole.

Roberts and Cupples were 7 miles from the hole. At Control Point One, 6 miles further back, the scientist in charge of the test had seen the dust cloud on his television screens. A remote reading monitor showed him that the radiation level on the surface above the point of the explosion was high enough to kill a man in half an hour. But underground tests had vented before, and the radiation was usually well dispersed before prevailing winds carried it to the boundaries of the site.

This time, however, nature was capricious. As the sun warmed the mesa the winds began to shift and the television monitors in the control center showed the cloud drifting to the west. A few minutes later the camera itself was engulfed in smoke and dust and the screen went blank. Now people began to realize that the situation was serious. Three miles west of the shot, and directly in the path of the cloud, was a large work camp that inexplicably had not been evacuated. The camp housed several hundred men and also contained machine and electrical workshops. Many of the men in the camp had just come off the night shift and were getting ready for sleep in the aluminum trailers.

The AEC test manager ordered the camp evacuated. Roberts and Cupples, worriedly watching the cloud from their guard post, were told by radio to meet other guards a few miles down the road and go on up to the camp to get everyone out. As soon as the dozen or so men had assembled, Ernie Dyer, the sergeant in charge, led a convoy of pickup trucks to the camp. Dyer remembers the scene: "I topped the mountain, and the cloud was all over that camp. It was in the air, it was on the ground . . . it completely had the camp covered."

Somewhere in the files there was, no doubt, a plan for the emergency evacuation of Area 12 Camp. But none of the guards had ever seen it, and things did not go smoothly. Harley Roberts described the confusion: "Man, we was running from trailer to trailer." There was an evacuation siren in the fire house, but when Jack Cupples told the crew to turn it on they refused: they took orders only from the fire chief who could not be found. By this time the radioactive ash was falling heavily, drifting between the rows of trailers, Jack Cupples recalls. "You'd look up toward the sun, you couldn't see it. . . . I walked into the first row of trailers, saw myself in a mirror and did a double take. My entire face was white, it was in my hair and my lips were all clogged up."

There have been few occasions when men have been required to go into a cloud of highly radioactive fallout, but the situation had been anticipated. There were protective suits which would prevent the radioactive particles from collecting in the men's clothes, with masks that stopped the dust from being breathed into the lungs. But these suits were stored in a rear area, and nobody thought to get them up to the camp. The guards had received little instruction in protection from radiation, but Cupples had worked for the AEC for fifteen years before coming to the test site and remembered his early training. "My God, I thought, I'm breathing this stuff, and I grabbed some towels and some papers and I ran out and told everyone else to put something over their face."

After an hour or so the camp was cleared, but the confusion did not end. Instead of being sent with the other workers to a decontamination station, Roberts was ordered out to a remote guard station in his radioactive clothes and truck, where he stayed forgotten for nine hours. A radiation safety man came up at one point and measured his clothing: "You're hot as hell," the man said, "get out of here." But Roberts was accustomed to obey orders and he had been told to stay put. It was not until five o'clock that anyone realized he had not been decontaminated and he was ordered back.

When the others arrived at the decontamination station it was to find that the hot-water boiler was out of order and they had to try to wash the radioactive dust from their skin and hair in cold showers. On a day when the ground was snow-covered, some of them were sent back into the icy water as many as thirteen times before the radiation meters showed that most of the dust had been flushed away.

After the accident, the AEC issued a brief press release saying that "about 600 workers were evacuated from the Nevada Test Site after an underground test blew a cloud of radioactive dust into the air." The AEC spokesman went on to say that the workers "took nominal precautions to remove radiation from their clothing" and were "in no danger of radiation sickness."

Radiation sickness is the term used to describe the massive failure of the body's resistance to infection after it receives a quantity of radiation close to the fatal dose. It was true that none of the men were likely to have received that much radiation. But radiation causes other ill effects, many of which occur at much lower doses and may not show up for ten or twenty years. The AEC did not know whether the men were in jeopardy of these other effects, principally leukemia and other forms of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cancer. The film badges used at the test site to measure radiation dose were of a type easily contaminated by fallout dust and proved useless. The radiation safety log for that day was blank. There were no records to show how much radiation the men had received.

The AEC appointed a committee to investigate the Baneberry accident; it was composed entirely of scientists and managers who were involved in the weapons test program. They concluded that the cause of the venting of the test was the unexpectedly high levels of water in the strata in which the device was exploded. The committee reported that "No exposure of on-site personnel exceeded the occupational guidelines of the Federal Radiation Council." What data they used to establish this they didn't say. They didn't mention the security guards running about in a white cloud of radioactive dust. In any case, the report was classified secret, and thus not subject to criticism by objective experts. After a few months, testing began again at Yucca Flat.

The guards had little knowledge about the effects of radiation, but it was enough to make them suspect that perhaps the AEC press release had not told the whole story. Therefore, when their employers would not help them to evaluate their problem, they began to look into the matter on their own—"reading everything we could get our hands on," one of them says.

But for Harley Roberts there was no need to read about radiation hazards. By the end of 1971 he was already beginning to tire. "He just kept going down and down," Dorothy Roberts recalls. "He usually had a lot of energy, he would always play golf and that, but he just couldn't do it. He was just lifeless."

By June 1972, it was clear that Roberts was seriously ill. It was first found that he was suffering from a rare condition in which the cells of the bone marrow have only forty-five chromosomes, rather than the usual forty-six. Then the diagnosis from which there was no escape: acute myeloblastic leukemia. He was 54 when he died in April 1974.

Two months later William Reed died of leukemia. An electrician, he had been in Area 12 Camp that day. A few months after that William Nunamaker died, only a day after entering the hospital. Leukemia again. For this small group of men who were in the camp that day death from leukemia has already occurred at twenty times the normal rate, and the typical latency period for radiation leukemia has still a few years to go.

Nor is leukemia the only killer. Earlier this year Phillip Crawford died of cancer of the lymph glands. Jack Cupples has a lung condition similar to emphysema and has had blood clots in the lungs. He reports that others among the guards have similar problems. Ernie Dyer who was the sergeant in charge that day has been treated for skin cancers of the head and chest. He says that the chest cancers could not have come from the sun, because he never goes without his shirt.

The attorney for these and the other plaintiffs is Larry Johns. His job has been a hard one, because the government lawyers have had a potent weapon: secrecy. "From the beginning they classified everything," he says with exasperation. "We've fought for years getting some of this stuff. We had motions to produce [evidence] that I got so tired of waiting for that I just gave up. Had we been litigating with some private corporation, like Shell Oil, it would have taken less than a year, and we would have gotten ten times as much." The trial date has been set and postponed several times and Johns would not be surprised to see it delayed once more.

But Larry Johns is confident that he has a strong case. He has conclusive medical testimony that Harley Roberts died of leukemia induced by the radiation he received that day at Yucca Flat. His witness, Dr. Shields Warren, is a recognized world expert with impeccable credentials. He headed the AEC's Division of Radiation Biology for several years. Dr. Warren will testify that the radiation Harley Roberts received from that cloud triggered the chromosomal changes that then resulted in the leukemia.

The Baneberry story is one of human tragedy, and would be one no matter where it had happened. But the Nevada Test Site is a special place and the men in charge of the activities there are special people. They are the ones who direct the design and emplacement of the nation's nuclear weapons systems. They are, in fact, responsible for the safety systems that are said to protect us from an inadvertent nuclear explosion.

The error in the evaluation of the on-site geology, the incredible series of failures in the safety procedures and in the radiation monitoring and protection services were all symptomatic of gross incompetence. After Baneberry the men in charge were not reprimanded or demoted. They have moved on to other, more responsible jobs. One wonders what the next mistake will be.

Larry Johns began his work on the case with the conventional respect for nuclear scientists. "I used to think, 'these are the scientists, they have the bomb, they know what they are doing,' but there's just as much politics out there as there is in Washington. And just as much ignorance, and they couple their arrogance to their ignorance." He says that one government lawyer asserted during a pretrial hearing that "this isn't a case where the public has a right to know what the scientists are doing."

Ten years after he had directed the first nuclear weapons test in Alamogordo in July 1945, J. Robert Oppenheimer wrote of his hope that "the open society, the unrestricted access to knowledge" might make the "ever more specialized and expert technological world, nevertheless a world of human community." We have a long way to go to realize that community. □

COLLEGE NEWSPAPERS

Would you like to give a Nation gift subscription to a college newspaper at the reduced price of $15.00? In these confusing times it is important for young people to read a publication that combines clear analysis with a moral position against injustice and violence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Between Myth and Apocalypse

LOST FRONTIER: The Marketing of Alaska. *By John D. Hanrahan and Peter Gruenstein. W.W. Norton & Co. 363 pp. $10.95.*

COMING INTO THE COUNTRY. *By John McPhee. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 438 pp. $10.95.*

WILLIAM R. HUNT

With a provocative opening definition of an Alaskan as "someone who wants to be able to urinate off his front porch and yell for an hour without anyone answering," the authors of *Lost Frontier* are off and running. Their concern, however, is not so much with Alaskans as with the modern industrial forces, "the boomers," busily swallowing up the last vestiges of Jack London's time. A reference to gold rush times is not out of place here; except during World War II Americans have not been so excited about Alaska since the end of the last century.

The excitement, of course, stems from the Prudhoe Bay oil discovery in 1968 and the subsequent petroleum developments—pipeline construction and preparations for outer continental shelf exploitation. These events, combined with the momentous land settlements through transfers to Native Americans and to the state, and the classification of other lands, are provoking drastic changes. As the public debate goes on, such books as this and McPhee's will stimulate and inform those who should participate in the decision-making process.

More on *Lost Frontier* later. Let's look at John McPhee's *Coming into the Country* as both books bear a similar message. McPhee takes us fishing on the Salmon River, deep in the Brooks Range, far from human habitation. A master craftsman of words—I don't know about his angler's skills—he tantalizes us:

> Invisible lines, glittering lures go spinning to the river, sink in the pool. The rods bend. Grayling do not sulk, like the salmon. They hit and go. In nine minutes, we have our five.
>
> Graylings are particularly fast swimmers. In Arctic Alaska, where small rivers like this one for the most part freeze solid, grayling can move big distances rapidly to seek out safe deep holes for the winter. They are veterans of runs for life. They are indices, too, of the qualities of a stream. They seek out fast, cold clean water.

Now I know what fishing is all about! In other books, McPhee sparked my slumbering enthusiasm for Bill Bradley's hook shot and the cultivation of oranges, so I am not surprised at being beguiled by his pen once again. His impressions appeared as articles in *The New Yorker* last spring.

After telling us about fishing and the wilderness views of his companions, McPhee takes his readers on a jaunt to Willow with a state capital selection committee. The next stop is darkest Eagle, a Yukon River hamlet rich in characters—a place where McPhee untangles some meaning in Alaskan life.

All right, now to the hard part. What do the writers of both books tell us that goes beyond the description of an obviously changing Alaska? And, if the changes foreseen are doleful, can anything be done to forestall their effects? In short, is there anything useful about the description of impending disaster aside from Hanrahan and Gruenstein's accuracy and the felicity of McPhee's prose and his sensitivity to opposing views?

McPhee stayed at Eagle long enough to watch a father and son mining team reduce a pretty little stream to muck-and-gravel hash for a peanut-butter jar full of gold flakes. Was he disgusted?

> Manifestly not. Not from here, from now, from his perspective. I am too warmly, too subjectively caught up in what the Gelvins are doing. . . . This mine is a cork on the sea. Meanwhile (and, possibly, more seriously), the relationship between this father and son is as attractive as anything I have seen in Alaska—both of them self-reliant beyond the usual reach of the term, the characteristic formed by this country. . . . Their kind is more endangered every year.
>
> Balance that against the nick they are making in this land. Only an easy-going extremist would preserve every bit of the country. And extremists alone would exploit it all. Everyone else has to think the matter through—choose a point of tolerance, however much the point might tend to one side. For myself, I am closer to the preserving side—that is, the side that would preserve the Gelvins. . . .

While both books are valuable, McPhee's is especially so as he sees deeply enough to write prose likely to endure after the controversies have passed. His experience and perception have taken him beyond the stereotype embraced by Hanrahan and Gruenstein. We learn that Alaska is more than the battleground between good and bad guys, environmentalists and boomers which the authors of *Lost Frontier* have described. So McPhee disturbs us to the extent that we can neither embrace nor dismiss his impressions decisively, as we can Hanrahan-Gruenstein's.

One way to take some of the sting from both books without violating their essential authority is to realize that Alaska's significance to the nation is being overestimated. If it is true that our chief national domestic problems revolve around our social and natural environment, we will not address them effectively by moving the discussion to Alaska. Let me hasten to say that Alaska should not be ignored. As an Alaskan, I do not take its problems lightly. My point is only that the various images of the "lost frontier" confuse the picture of Alaska's past, present and future.

If patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, calling up the last or lost frontier or wilderness is the recourse of the woolly-minded. For decades Alaska has been a predominantly urban society hungering for substantial economic development. Now it has development and some new problems. Environmental protection is one of these, and it may seem a relief to turn from the Southwest's water shortage, or from New York's many travails, to the ripping up of Arctic tundra. But if Alaska causes alarm and does not teach us anything, and if we cannot gain any perspective on the national experience, the change of scene contributes little.

For years writers and government investigators have been rediscovering the "last frontier." Recently the writing trend is to lose the Alaskan frontier as an incident to finding it. It must frustrate Americans who have not been too keenly aware of Alaska to learn suddenly that

---

William Hunt is professor of history at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks, and author of Alaska: A Bicentennial History (*W.W. Norton & Co.*), Arctic Passage: The Bering Sea Frontier (*Charles Scribner's Sons*) *and* North of 53: the Alaska-Yukon Mining Frontier (*Macmillan*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "last frontier" is lost. It is not lost—or last—or even a frontier. Let's settle that, and save the wilderness concept for a separate consideration.

We need even more perspective when confronting the endless calamities which the future allegedly holds in store. Must we react equally to all such apocalyptic prospects as pipeline sabotage, the forcible resistance of commercial fishermen to the government's offshore oil development, the kooky secession movement, the disruption of caribou migration, the end of Native Americans' subsistence hunting, the damage to archeological sites, the destruction of wildfowl habitats, and other calamities? If we are not given the chance to distinguish among apocalyptic disasters, those which are the serious and, above all, most likely results of developments being planned rather than imagined, we must stop thinking and start shrieking. Overkill, the deadening of sensibilities, is the tendency of *Lost Frontier* in particular.

I think all discussions of land use (and of the peoples' priorities) would profit immensely by tossing all "last wilderness" references into the wastebin with "last (lost) frontier." Why not stick to concrete imagery as much as possible? I have a private image of "wilderness" which I might die for, yet I groan at what is revealed by men quoted in both books. For example, from *Lost Frontier:*

> Now Alaska is our wilderness. It is a beautiful place. It has values that in a very crowded world in the year 2000 and beyond would be invaluable. Now some people say, "who would be able to afford to visit it?" My God, if they could just see pictures of it and believe it was still there that would be something.

Then the interviewer explains his emotional view. All his life he has helped oil companies find and sell oil, until finally quitting in disgust: "With every drop of blood I've got, I'm going to fight. . . . By God, we've gone to the end where there's no wilderness left, there's no frontiers left . . . and if we can't do it right this time. . . ." Parts of such statements make sense; other parts suggest the haunted man of cartoons holding the "World Ends Tomorrow" sign.

I don't want that kind of wilderness, real or imagined, and burdened by sentiment. What I would like is the opportunity to weigh specific land proposals against competing proposals without entanglement by wilderness visions. Otherwise we might be forced to legislate the boundaries of wilderness for all time. It was a great day when Congress decided that 160 acres was just right for a homestead, although it made no sense for arid lands or for Alaska.

At least two great American dreams are in conflict. One equates progress, wealth, security and well-being with resource development, the growth of population, and the taming of the wilderness. The other dream equates the good with the improvement of society, conservation of resources, freeing slaves, reducing poverty, according rights to Indians, and other measures of social justice.

Sometimes a conflict ensues between advocates of the two dreams, although conflict is not inevitable. Each dream has historic roots and deserves respect.

Alaska is an unlikely place for a bitter confrontation of dreams, although it has been selected before as a battleground, most notably the Ballinger-Pinchot dispute over coal lands, dating back some sixty-five years. At the time Alaskans, boomers almost to a man, agonized over a "locking up of the land." Later it became clear that no one really wanted Alaska's coal anyway. All the turmoil, insofar as it directly concerned Alaska, was for nothing. Much of today's turmoil builds on the exuberance of later day boomers raising the fears of conservationists. It is not actually clear that the dreams of petroleum and other mineral speculators will progress beyond their present, hopeful stage. Nature and economic vagaries such as the world market will be more important than legislation.

Books like those reviewed here can be examined with more optimism than their authors allow themselves. Alaska strikes me as a good place to be optimistic about, although not if you imagine it as a great laboratory for the natural sciences, or as a proving ground of some kind for society—a last chance. Least of all, a last chance. If your marriage is in peril, please don't move to Alaska: it is more likely to fail. If your society is in trouble, don't expect anything done in Alaska to help very much. Don't misuse Alaska by overestimating it. Neither its resources nor its wilderness can save the world.

But a little honeymoon of optimism might be called for. The state has considerable money for social services and education; the Native Americans received the most generous settlement of claims ever given by the nation; and there remains a good deal of elbow room. □

Ghetto Criminals

THE COMPOUND. *By William Gale. Rawson Associates. 252 pp. $8.95.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A STREET CRIMINAL. *By John Allen. Pantheon Books. 247 pp. $8.95.*

ALFREDO LOPEZ

A literary agent I know makes this comment on crime: "Any way you look at it, analyze it, or write about it . . . crime is a best-seller today." Since she is a weather vane for publishing trends, we can expect many more books about crime and criminals. That is not surprising since to the battered and numb urban population, crime is the ultimate threat. Pollution, higher taxes, profits and unemployment may kill us piecemeal, but they pale next to the idea of sudden death at the hands of a criminal.

Two authors, of different background and approach, offer us portraits of criminals. One book is about youth gangs, an urban reprise of *The Lord of the Flies* motif. The other is about more mature street criminals. One book fails. The other succeeds magnificently and the reasons are instructive.

The "compound" of William Gale's title is a group of five tenement buildings in the South Bronx which youth gangs progressively took over until, fully under their control, it became their home, their meeting place, their torture chamber and their ritual ground. Gale uses the setting to study the subculture of gangs and to portray their life style. He was aided in this by Detectives Ed O'Rourke and Vito Moles of the New York Police Department's Gang Intelligence Unit. The portrait is powerful. Gale is a solid working journalist able to make his subjects come to life. He builds suspense, creates tension, maintains interest.

These children (most are just that) show resourcefulness, independence and intelligence mixed with the ability to commit acts of chilling evil—torture, murder and rape. And Gale is there with his cinematic prose to describe it all.

He is good at creating a feeling for the frightening instability of gang relationships: the way in which friends can

---

Alfredo Lopez is an editor of Seven Days.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suddenly turn on one another; the brutalized and unstable egos which make these young people monsters of contradiction, one moment gentle and shy, the next angry and dangerous.

Those who read this book will be frightened. It's logical—these are scary kids. But this is the pornography of fear, titillating, prodding and finally overwhelming. It plays off real concerns and sells books. But like most pornography it does little more. It provides no answers, no analysis . . . just fear. It makes panic solutions attractive: wipe out gangs.

The only analysis the writer provides lies in the often cynical and asinine quotations from the two cops who explain that these are Puerto Ricans and Puerto Ricans cannot return to Puerto Rico because things are worse there and they can get welfare here: "here they can at least survive."

This is but one example of a continual stupidity. Most Puerto Ricans don't get welfare; most work at the worst jobs for the worst pay, living in the worst conditions of any sector of this country's workforce (except the American Indians). In fact, in Puerto Rico they could live off the Federal Food Stamp Program which is far superior to any welfare scheme in this country. Seventy percent of the island's people do, as a result of 40 percent unemployment. But this is hardly the question; I touch on it because it shows this book's glibness and intellectual irresponsibility.

The real problem is that these kids are part of what Puerto Rican sociologists call "the homeless generation," caught between the culture of their parents (an island culture just emerging from the context of agriculture) and the deadening culture of urban New York. Some members of this generation have found answers in political movements, some have immersed themselves in the culture of mainstream America, and others have entered the upwardly mobile culture of the New York Puerto Rican semi-professional. But for the very poor, those of broken homes, those whose economic conditions allow no such alternatives, the gang provides a home. It is a family which displays a patriarchal and matriarchal structure, with rules and customs, concepts of reward and punishment, and provisions for love and violent loyalty.

The gang is also a culture—from its regression to tribalism, replete with ritual, ceremony and imperial protocol, to its language of English with Spanish syntax (the bridge between two languages). There is no reason why Gale could not have understood this. All the evidence is there. He preferred to rely entirely on the two policemen to interpret his material, despite the easy availability of more diverse, and more knowledgeable consultants. For example, most Puerto Rican writers in America (including myself) were gang members during their youth. Things have really not changed that much. Today gang members have guns and greater numbers, better organization and more ghetto streets, but we were the same: vicious, unstable, pathologically insecure, living a code which—irrational to the outside world—was perfectly logical to us. Gale simply ignores history and personal experience.

And that is the value of John Allen's book. Black and Puerto Rican literature of recent years has been dominated by an autobiographical genre which could be called "the criminal made conscious" book. *The Autobiography of Malcolm X, Down These Mean Streets* by Piri Thomas, Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land,* Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* are pillars of Third World literature and they are all about criminal pasts.

The scenario is basically the same: young men (always men), facing conditions of social, physical and psychological oppression, turn to crime. They become thieves, pimps, pushers and addicts, are incarcerated, become more conscious of their role in the world and become transformed. The success of this genre is based in part on the happy ending. These are modern, urban Horatio Alger stories. The writers all became successful men. They don't sell out, they continue their scathing analysis of this society but they do become part of the known world.

John Allen, whose book now enlarges the genre, brings to this literature a new, radically different, ending. He never changes. Allen is not a writer. He is a black, Washington-based street hustler, rendered paraplegic by a gunshot wound. He sat in a wheelchair and dictated these memoirs. Two editors, Dianne Hall Kelly and Philip Herman, did a magnificent job in shaping and organizing his words.

This writer has never read a better book on criminal life. Allen takes us through his gang-fighting days, his years as a petty criminal, his maturation as a stickup and break-in artist, his imprisonment and his final shoot-out with police.

ARCTIC MUSEUM

There is a heavy insistence
to the Earth. Wingless brown birds,
stars without centers, groundless atmospheres
move into her—mastodons,
whales, leviathans
greasing up the axlewheel.
Gnomic bones, half-human,
caught in her circle,
take shape without hope, greyness
from everything.

And their intention has always been this:
to breed extinction
like fusion. To work a way
into everything
and disappear—
stems into darkness.

Carcasses of light
bedded everywhere. But here,
hands pin them
under the sign of the Bear, encase
their geometries under snow.
And though desire
says yes and yes
to flow over, to cross,
this blue ice, cold fire,
preserves decay
forever.

Kerry Shawn Keys

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He never regrets a thing, doesn't even understand why he should: "It seems to me that the kind of neighborhood you come up in may make all the difference in which way you go and where you end up." That is the way he begins his book and he need say nothing more.

But the revelations are staggering. Allen takes to task, by his memoirs, the image of the criminal poised, knife in hand, to attack the streets of white, middle-class America. The street criminal mostly stays where he is, seldom roaming more than a couple of blocks from where he was born. His world is a world of violence, claustrophobically destroying itself. His circle of friends and associates slowly disappears, victims to early death. They prey on one another. Allen, himself a mugging expert, speaks often of having to fight off muggers and robbers. He fears for the safety and security of his home and that of his loved ones. He robs the stores of his neighbors.

At the same time, contrary to popular myth, he is moved by values of family pride and security. He craves a neat and orderly home. He honors an agreement and always pays back money he owes. He will not tolerate a personal offense.

Most of all, he threatens, by his existence, the myth of upward mobility. He has written an excellent book, published it with some fanfare and made quite a stir in his native Washington, and yet he still lives, alone and crippled, in his Washington ghetto, passing the time drinking beer and watching television.

Therein lies the difference between the two books. Gale's, a glib though gripping snapshot of criminal life style, provokes in the reader the fear that he or she is the potential victim. Allen's, raw and just as powerful, raises questions about the society from which crime develops and provokes fear for crime's most chronic victim: the criminal. □

Harper's *Bizarre*

GENE LYONS

There comes a time for simplicities. Permit me one: I love America. Could not imagine, really, living anyplace else for the balance of my life. I love driving across Texas, country music, American women, certain Jewish novelists, a number of American poets, the NCAA basketball tournament, hunting rabbits in cotton fields without needing to ask formal permission or pay anybody, New York, Boston, Little Rock, Austin, the Arkansas Razorbacks and the way the east wind smells before it rains. There is a paper mill downriver from where I live and when we can smell it here we know we're in for a downpour; when the wind goes back to the west they can smell the damn thing in Pine Bluff and I can be glad I don't live there. In certain moods I feel like a warm-hearted H.L. Mencken and confess a secret thanks for the Arkansas legislature, and if that don't make me a patriot, good buddy, then I don't know what one is. When Linda Ronstadt sang the national anthem before the fourth game of the 1977 World Series in her bluejeans and Dodger warm-up jacket with her hair pinned up on her neck I had the shivers for six innings.

Having made so bizarre and shocking a series of confessions, I owe the reader a detailed explanation. Time was, and not so long ago either, that I would have kept a passion shared by half the adult males in America, more than half the adolescent ones, and celebrated on the cover of *People* magazine, to myself. Perhaps even successfully repressed it. But I have been accused in a prominent place of harboring anti-American sentiments, of "flirting," as it were, "with guilt and tyranny." It is enough to make me wish that Farah Fawcett-Majors did something for me other than making me self-conscious about the coffee stains on my teeth. Then I could confess that too. How better to prove my dedication to Truth, Justice and the American Way?

If you are not subtle enough to grasp the connection between a warmblooded mannequin and the glories of our democracy then you had better skip the article by Eric Larsen in the December *Harper's* in which he charges the lot of us "liberal" literary critics with a skulking admiration for truncheons and jackboots. All writers love attention, of course, so while I'm at it I can admit that I did not at all mind being placed among a masochistic elect that includes: John Leonard, Roger Rosenblatt, John Gardner, Saul Bellow, Elizabeth Hardwick, E.L. Doctorow and Hilton Kramer. If one is headed for even a metaphorical dungeon, how comforting to know there will be lively conversation.

Larsen's central thesis is that by demonstrating impatience with the doom and neurosis school of contemporary American novelists, and by displaying simultaneously a deep respect for those Soviet and Latin American authors who have made their lives and works into symbols of anti-totalitarianism in their own countries, we liberals have shown that we harbor secretly a romantic preference for extreme situations that has weakened our cultural resolve against dictatorship. You may wish to read that sentence again. Long as it is, I think it useful to have it all in one place. Exactly how the lot of us came to be "liberal critics," I am not entirely certain. Evidently the term means something to Larsen. In a rambling preamble he identifies liberalism with "a sense of guilt," that essence which over the last fifteen years, as the world knows, "was observed to rise up a number of times from the recreation room in the suburban basement and come out the front door onto the lawn."

The loading of terms is characteristic; everybody hates the suburbs, or is supposed to, anyway. At the expense of two more confessions, then, let it be known that this liberal critic lives in the city, and that his fifty-year-old home here in Kirkpatrick Sale's hedonistic Sunbelt (where we have at this writing enjoyed 6 inches of rain and a steady 37° during the past seventy-two hours) has no basement at all. As for that free-floating omnivorous undergraduate guilt Larsen speaks of, which I agree has been one of the prime constituents of a liberal arts education in this country for many years (and about which I shall have more to say anon), I was personally cured of it long ago.

Larsen's argument is, on its face, as he admits, at least curious: it would seem that critics objecting to alienation and nihilism as the inevitable themes of "serious" American fiction would come, in his words, "more commonly from the direction of social and political conservatism than from the side of liberalism." This paradox he evades by asserting that in backing away from worshipful praise of the works of such novelists as: "Cheever, Joan Didion, Joseph Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, Francine Gray, John Updike, Renata Adler, Jerzy Kosinski and so on and on and on" (the list is borrowed from John Leonard) we liberals have revealed nothing less than our own "disenchantment and mortification . . . [our] cul-

Gene Lyons contributes a monthly column to The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tural self-loathing." It happens that I have no opinion at all regarding several of the above worthies; but if thinking of Vonnegut as a sharp-edged Art Buchwald and harboring large reservations about Heller, Updike and Kosinski qualifies me, perhaps it is time I sought counseling. Since I have never written about three of the above at all, and about Updike just once several years ago in an obscure academic quarterly, Larsen is decidedly clever to have found me out.

But lest I be suspected of responding too personally to an attack that includes me only parenthetically, I should add that with the exception of Leonard, who was after all with his characteristic style of overstatement only writing a newspaper column anyway, Larsen does not bother to establish in his argument that any of the rest of us have ever written anything much about *any* of the above. In fact, the only member of the group who is quoted by Larsen in reference to any of his own implied culture heroes (whom he never names) is Elizabeth Hardwick, who actually wrote favorably about Pynchon in an article praising Solzhenitsyn, but speculated that the formal and philosophical differences between the two authors might have everything to do with the nature of the societies that produced them.

As for the rest of us, we have sinned against the light by arguing, at least implicitly, "that the brand of deeply negative high seriousness we find in our art is essentially a fraud." How, without demonstrating what that high seriousness consists of or even attempting to tell us who displays it and in which passages of what books it may be contemplated, does Larsen hope to convince readers he knows what he is talking about? Now I must urge you to peruse the piece yourselves. For I haven't the vaguest notion.

What the man has done is to assemble a list of generalizations made by each of us in the course of book reviews concerning authors not on Leonard's list (and in Bellow's case from his Nobel Prize acceptance speech), then performed the trick of applying them in series as if they did refer to those authors. By so doing he comes up with a list of adjectives, some of which, it is true, were employed by their authors in the course of general and sweeping denunciations of the current scene, but others of which were quite specifically intended. This method then provides occasion for a rhetorical question considerably larger in scope and more pointed in application than any of us could ever have had in mind. To wit: "*Is* anyone, come to think of it, indeed really prepared to follow happily along and call these and other of our best-known writers mediocre, peripheral, inadequate, unrepresentative, solipsistic, stupid, terrible, self-pitying, whining liars?" Well I'm not, but then I never did. Of course that is not the same thing as accepting the individual views of those authors concerning things American as graven in stone, or as saying their works are unassailable either.

I *do* think that writing a serious novel is incomparably more difficult than writing occasional criticism, and I truly believe, false modesty aside, that every last person on John Leonard's list of doomsayers is my superior as a person of letters. But I do not believe, therefore, that it is the duty of critics or ordinary readers to prostrate themselves before the golden calf of "artistic vision," or whatever Larsen would call it, when I think the result would be to share in a literate form of mass delusion.

Two more examples of Larsen's reasoning should suffice. Liberal guilt, he says, eventually turns into envy: "life under the tyrannies, for literary purposes at least, and very likely for moral purposes as well, actually comes to be seen as superior to life in freedom—more immediate and stimulating, more heroic, more unquestionably and intensely productive of *real* truth." Doubtless there is *something* in what he says. Probably there is not a soul in America so void of romanticism that he or she has never daydreamed of throwing Molotov cocktails (nice irony) under Russian tanks in the streets of Prague or Budapest. It was after all *The New York Review of Books*, whose readership is almost entirely academic, which printed the famous cover some years ago detailing how to make them. The presumed target was then our own wicked military establishment, but the emotion was nevertheless a similar one. Democratic institutions in a post-industrial bureaucratic state can become rather a bore when one has been raised on endless cowboy movies and spy thrillers. I have myself given up watching the evening network news entirely: in 1968 CBS could have replaced Walter Cronkite with Chicken Little and the population would have gone along; today it often seems our whole system of government has evolved into the world's largest and dullest faculty senate meeting. But romance fades and most literati make do with their usual pastimes of adultery and psychoanaly-

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN COMMUNIST
A Personal View of A Political Life 1925-1975
by Peggy Dennis

"A fascinating autobiography . . . a starkly realistic yet touching account [which] weaves in discussions of issues heretofore avoided . . . Dennis especially deserves praise for recounting the anxieties of being a woman and a radical at times when the C.P. wanted leadership from neither. . . [an] insider's no-holds-barred account."
—*Library Journal*

"A wrenching picture of courage in the face of arbitrary . . . decrees of the Comintern and, later, in the face of the anti-Red hysteria of McCarthyism."
The Kirkus Reviews

12.95 cloth 5.95 paper

THE CREATION OF THE SUN & THE MOON
by B. Traven
illustrated by Alberto Beltrán

The only "children's" book by the internationally best-selling author of *The Treasure of Sierra Madre, The Death Ship* and other novels. A vivid re-telling of the Mexican legend of Chicovaneg, a young Indian who saves mankind by re-kindling the Sun after it has been extinguished by evil spirits.

3.95 paper

At Your Bookstore
or
LAWRENCE HILL/CREATIVE ARTS
24 Burr Farms Road
Westport, Connecticut 06880

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sis. Even so, I have heard more than one wistful cuckold observe of late that he wished it were 100 years ago and he could resolve his troubles with a gun. Of course many people here in Arkansas still do, but rarely among the Updike-reading set.

Observe, though, the heavy-handedness with which Larsen pounds Hilton Kramer. He quotes from an article of Kramer's praising Russian dissidents: "In the West, the success of our political system, despite its well-publicized troubles, has given our writers the freedom to be trivial, cavalier, and myopic, even about the politics that guarantees this choice—and this is a freedom that a great many of them have exercised to the fullest." What we literary patriots ought to notice in Kramer's statement, Larsen says, "is the subtlety of tone that castigates our writers for the offense of being free." He continues in a similar vein to accuse Kramer of "romantic envy." Of course anyone with what used to be a high school junior's command of English syntax can see that Kramer is in fact criticizing triviality, myopia and cavalier attitudes, but a deep reader of Larsen's zeal is not to be put off from the pursuit of truth by mere grammar.

The use made of my own work would be less obvious to most of his audience, the majority of which will not have read the article he has quoted. We liberal critics are said to object to the fictive pessimism we complain of because we believe our novelists "have not earned the *right* to it." Accordingly, our secret contention is that "Americans are cut off from life itself," an opinion Larsen finds corroborated in one of my previous essays in this space: "Writing in *The Nation* this spring, Gene Lyons described the numerous volumes published by the *presumably lively and experimental* Fiction Collective as, by and large, the self-indulgent work of 'academically employed solipsists' " [my italics]. Now any writer has a right to be annoyed when a carefully reasoned, or at the very least, detailed argument of his is swept aside as if it had never been made, but the tone of special pleading here deserves further scrutiny. Why indeed should one *presume* the works of the Fiction Collective to be anything at all without having examined them? As it happens, my own review had dedicated considerable space to that organization's promotional rhetoric, in which the word "experimental" is unfailingly used as an evaluative rather than a descriptive term, in a more or less self-conscious attempt to disarm potential critics.

Anybody who complains, as I did for a few thousand words, that "there is nothing even remotely novel in the fictive practices of the group, and a good deal that is so tiresomely conventional in the contemporary fashion as to verge at times on self-parody," may be dismissed as an out-of-date crank. The body of my essay was devoted to showing why, with extensive quotations from the works themselves, I believed the collectivists to be misguided in their claims to originality, since everything they call "experimental" and "innovative" and "new" is in fact old. For Larsen to have lifted three highly prejudicial words from the end of that essay, and to have implied by using them that I intended a description of Americans in general when he knows perfectly well I did not, is more than slipshod. It is dishonest.

Beyond the fact that it appeared in *Harper's*, which is usually one of the best edited of our general circulation magazines, even so transcendentally silly a bit of Dumbthink as Larsen's article would not ordinarily deserve elaborate refutation. But the man is onto something important, and the logical backbends he performs to account for all us liberals sounding like conservatives is symptomatic of the confusion many bookishly inclined people feel today about our national literature. Ironically enough, one of the most perceptive articles I have read in many years about the subject appeared one month before Larsen's piece in the November *Harper's*: Joseph Epstein's "A Conspiracy of Silence." I urge everyone with an interest in the subject to take the trouble of reading it.

It is Epstein's contention that most persons in America today who would describe themselves as serious about imaginative literature are products of a special kind of education, a kind of loose attitudinal indoctrination that has made them receptive only to certain kinds of very negative messages about the country they live in and the culture they inhabit. He summarizes this attitude with the term "adversary culture," and claims that

> Adversary culture is not so much experienced as it is learned. In literary studies in American universities, the way for it has been smoothly prepared. The modernist writers have become entrenched in the curriculum. Eliot, Joyce, Pound, Beckett—these became the great literary figures. As they were taught, their views—the jig is up, the game is over; in short, the wasteland outlook—became not merely prominent but dominant. That these views were taught in wildly oversimplified form is not beside but part of the point. . . . Over the same period American literature cast off its former status as a dependency of English literature to become a full-blown subject of its own. But it was a subject taught with a special twist, for American literature, in the classroom, became a literature chiefly of alienation. . . .
>
> The battle [was] against business, the small town, the middle class, then (though assuredly not now) the academy—against everything, in short, that used to travel under the banner

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A JOB?

The Nation offers a special service to unemployed professionals—You may place a position-wanted ad in our Classified ad section for $3.50 (three lines. Each additional line is $1.50. It is suggested that such ads be run in three consecutive issues for optimum results).

WRITERS • EDITORS • PUBLICISTS • POLITICAL WORKERS • EDUCATORS • PROFESSIONALS IN THE ARTS

Yes there is a hitch—If you get a job through your ad, we'd like you to take a subscription to The Nation for yourself or for a friend.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of American Philistia. But that banner has since been lowered; Philistia long ago ran up the white flag. . . . The adversary culture now bids fair to become the mainstream culture.

I hope no one concludes from my use of the word "indoctrination" that either Epstein or I is talking about a plot. But I think it is true that American culture is growing more rather than less tribalized by the year, by which terminology I mean to imply that its internal divisions are increasingly superstitious in nature rather than political, more governed by irrational prejudices about the humane values and intentions of members of other tribes, more a product of emotion than of self-interest. In a democracy such a process can only lead to muddle and confusion; in our national literature, I would argue, it has led to a kind of crisis of meaning. The subject is one I have been nibbling the edges of in my small press reviews here for several months without quite addressing it directly, perhaps because the strain I speak of may be examined most readily in the works of some of the authors Larsen seeks implicitly to defend. Next month I propose to look at the question in some detail. □

LEGEND

There's no way back, he called as she stood
on the loose shale at the top
of the quarry face and cried out.

The water was lower than summer. Insects spun
after night's rain. Frogs screamed & became
bubbles. He kicked the crickets from his feet,

Trekked across swamp ground. Crows
shifted their wings sideways in flight,
predicting winter. Earth began losing light.

"I considered myself an owl
but the owls are hooting
and now
I fear the night."

Brian Swann

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

If you have never seen Shaw's *Saint Joan*, see it now (Circle in the Square). I say that despite the many faults of this production, for the play is noble in spirit, admirable in thought, superb in speech. If it is not an absolutely great play, that is because it does not quite attain the intensity or elevation of expression of poetry: it does not always take wing, the rational weighs it down. My disappointment with its present production may stem in part not only from the fact that I have seen several much better ones—notably the original London production in 1924 and another in the late 1940s at the Chamber Theatre in Israel—but from defects which almost anyone theatrically aware can readily recognize.

Comparisons are said to be odious, yet I cannot refrain from observing that Shaw's choice for the role was Sybil Thorndike, a (Fabian) Socialist of heroic disposition, and that Orna Porat, the Israeli Joan, was a woman of gentile German origin who had fought in what there was of underground resistance to the Nazis. I note these adventitious details only to suggest the kind of person Shaw's Joan is.

She is not a sweet girl—a "maid." She is not even a woman, she says. She is a warrior, a headlong idealist of enormous vital force. Though formally uneducated, she is no more simple-minded or innocent than the author who created her. She is pure, but that is not at all the same thing as being child-like. She is endowed with common sense, a keen mind and indomitable will. She can no more be silenced than Shaw could be: she is a rebel, a puritan, a "protest-ant."

Lynn Redgrave, the present Joan, is a beautiful and gifted actress, utterly honest in everything she does, but her performance in this instance is marred by a misconception. The simplicity she brings to the part is almost that of a baby. It is not an heroic simplicity, the simplicity of a deeply inspired conviction, the ineradicable certainty of being right. Joan possesses a projectilelike energy which demolishes every obstacle. The "peasant" in her (her father, it is pointed out, is a "bourgeois") manifests itself chiefly in her shrewdness, her unconscious humor; at the base of all her action is the strength of the embattled leader, which accounts for her success as a commander of soldiers. As such she is something of a "pest," never counting the cost of her determination. Like all saints she is a constant irritant. (That is why they are so often martyred.) When she weeps she does not shed the tears of a hurt kid but of exalted indignation, an outcry against injustice.

In the play's first act when Joan speaks of her voices, she is asked "How do you mean? Voices?" She says, "I hear them telling me what to do. They come from God." She is corrected, "they come from your imagination." To which Joan retorts, "Of course. That is how the messages of God come to us." It is not the reply of someone naive or unknowing.

To reconcile the various alternations of mood in Joan (the stalwart fighter and the abused girl), Ms. Redgrave is obliged to make a too-conscious use of her voice. This sort of vocal gymnastics is even more pronounced in several other members of the cast—sometimes ludicrously so. But differences in vocal key are right only when they are spontaneous, that is, organic to the actor's thought and feeling; they should never be "applied" with deliberate elocutionary intention.

"Joan's judges were as straightforward as Joan herself," Shaw said in his program note to the London production. That directness is the clue to the play's essential tone. It is an unadorned or ascetic style: everyone, except a few fanatics, speaks reasonably, with a basic steadiness even in moments of severity or anger. This note is almost entirely missed in the current production.

There are solecisms of staging: for example, Joan's long address to her antagonists is spoken with her back to them. But most disturbing to me is the lack of an imposing quality in the personality of Joan's opponents. All of them, whatever their human limitations, must be *big men*. The nature of the play demands them.

Paul Shyre as Cauchon speaks well (he has an ear for language), but in the trial scene he looks like a boy outfitted in sumptuous vestments. Nicholas Hormann as Brother Martin has a fine moment when he describes Joan's final agony, ending with the prophecy "This

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not the end for her, but the beginning." The most complete or convincing performance is that of Roy Cooper in two small roles: as Robert de Baudricourt, the captain who sends Joan on her way to the Dauphin, and as the English soldier who in the epilogue reports on the atmosphere and denizens of Hell. Others in the cast are so-so or deplorable.

And yet, and yet, there is always Shaw's towering text.

If Shaw is the most loquacious of Irish dramatists, Samuel Beckett is the most reticent. His gift of speech moves toward a silence which in his later plays is like a death. Shaw, for all his misgivings, is basically cheerful; Beckett, with a grim smile and saturnine humor, dramatizes a quasi-Augustinian rejection of the world (the African saint wrote "Nothing is better than nothing"). Shaw's abiding confidence is "old-fashioned"; Beckett speaks tartly for our contemporary skepticism. Shaw is expansive, Beckett cramped. He is "an old man in a dry month." When an Italian literary critic, Paolo Milano, asked him why, if he felt as he did, he did not commit suicide, Beckett, after a long pause, said, "Doing so would show too much confidence in life."

Beckett is an exigent writer, a signal artist, an extraordinarily original dramatist who has found the right stage metaphors for his mood. In a sense, he is an exemplary, a "classic" writer of our time. He conveys the inner desolation under the noise and bustle of our present day. Three of his short pieces, *Play*, which was first seen in New York at the Theatre de Lys in 1963 (the staging has been improved since then) and two more recent ones, *That Time* and *Footfalls*, are now being given at the Manhattan Theatre Club under Alan Schneider's scrupulous direction. The whole "bill" lasts not much longer than an hour.

Play has three figures, husband, wife and mistress. We hear of the adulterous mess the husband's affair has caused as each of the three recites its details out of the funerary urns above their graves. There had been tumult and heartbreak, but now that it is all past, the man finds that it was a trivial event, just "play." (So, it is implied, are all our emotional crises.) The personages speak almost simultaneously in very rapid whispers, so that their voices sound like the rustling of autumn leaves.

That Time might be thought of as a replay of *Krapp's Last Tape*. It is the memory of an existence lived in acute and perpetual discomfort. We see no more than the head of a gray-haired old man, apparently asleep, high above the stage floor. He recalls various moments of his youth. There was "that time" he went back to look at a ruin, another time spent in a library, still another at a museum, and perhaps most importantly, "that time" he lay beside a girl on a stone not touching but loving her. These memories are spoken in the dark by three different voices which are all his own. From time to time his eyes open as if awakened from sleep; then shut again. At the end his eyes open and he smiles a smile which may be considered pleasure at his memories, or at their unimportance, or relief that, awake, he is free of them. As for love, it was harder and harder to believe "you ever told anyone you loved them or anyone you tell just one of those things you kept up to keep the void out." The void is life itself, all "dust."

Footfalls, the most ambiguous of the three pieces, has a woman of 40, dishevelled and gray-haired, pacing from right to left and back again in audible rhythmic tread, speaking to her unseen 90-year-old moribund mother, and apparently wasting away from the burden of caring for her. This may be a symbol of an older generation eroding another. "Will you never have done revolving it all?" the mother's voice asks. The daughter queries "It?" The voice: "It all. (Pause) In your poor mind. (Pause) It all." "It" is life itself.

The daughter insists that she must scrape her feet as she paces. "I must hear the feet, however faint they fall." The mother: "The motion alone is not enough?" The daughter: "No, mother, the motion alone is not enough." In some way, life must give some reverberant evidence of being real, for the mere living of it would only be an emptiness, a void.

Ionesco spoke of writing "anti-theatre," but, except as a catch phrase, that was nonsense. These Beckett plays—especially the last two—would seem to be anti-theatre. But they are still indisputably theatre, though reduced to a minimum in sound and sight. Though it is difficult to hear distinctly in the dark, there is a spectacular incisiveness in the total impression produced.

Of Beckett's mastery and modern typicality there can be no question. He has found the form for *his* truth or sentiment which many of us share at disheartened intervals. But *is* it the truth, the deepest truth as some would have it? For myself, I reject it because it is a futile truth. It is not a truth by which anyone—except possibly an anchorite—lives. There is another sort of "mysticism": it is the embrace of life.

The performances by Donald Davis, Sloane Shelton, Suzanne Costallos are just what they should be. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/ Nat Hentoff

When I was small, I would spend Sunday afternoons listening for *klezmorim* —improvising Yiddish musicians. In a spacious building a street away, there coexisted our synagogue and a catering establishment. The ancient *rebbe*, whose white beard flowed to his waist, commanded the former, while his sons booked weddings and kept the kitchen kosher and humming. It was in hope of a wedding that I would wander by. And hearing, at the corner, a leaping clarinet and the sweet-and-hot fiddle, I ran to get a place as close to the open kitchen door as possible.

The music was so joyous that I deeply envied the *klezmorim*, getting paid for having such a good time. It also seemed magical to me (a diligent student of the classical clarinet) that they needed no scores. It was all in their heads, and furthermore, if they played the same tune again, the solos were different the second time. And the third. Like jazz players. But the cadences, the timbres, the swirling rhythms went back to far different places and times than the jazz I also loved. It was more from these sounds than from any reading that my sense of the old country first began to be vivid.

Some of the musicians were young and doubled as jazz players in the *goyishe* nights. Others, older, were full-time Yiddishe performers, and a few told me from time to time of the roots of their profession. *Klezmorim* on the highways of the Middle Ages, wandering from Bohemia to Lithuania to Poland, and beyond. And 19th-century *klezmorim* roamed Eastern Europe. "Like pollen-gathering bees," historian Ruth Rubin has described them. "On the one hand they bore tunes to the small towns from the cities and, on the other, adapted tunes from the countryside for their city performances." Or, as Lev Liberman, a performing *klezmer-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scholar, puts it, these traveling players—being the most geographically mobile Jews during those perilous centuries—"bridged the cultural abyss between the ghetto and the world, performing tunes of peasants and soldiers in a style distinctively Yiddish."

By the time I was in my late teens, the *klezmorim* who came to our synagogue were sounding more constrained, not of their own volition but because newlyweds were now more American in their tastes. They wanted ballads and pop novelties, waltzes from the movies, and other "refined" airs. Once in a while, for the benefit of the old folks—who, God knows, still insisted on speaking Yiddish among themselves—the players would let themselves loose. And then the clarinet and the fiddle and the trumpet would intertwine in dizzying spirals and feet would pound and I would close my eyes and grin at the ghosts of my clan in Minsk and Pinsk.

For years now, I had thought the *klezmorim* to be nearly extinct. Oh, some old players must still be boldly wailing in some dwindling Orthodox Jewish neighborhoods, but surely they are the last of their line. Quite surprisingly, however, in a new album—*The Klezmorim/ East Side Wedding* (Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, Calif. 95430)—the high-spirited quickeners of my youth have returned. And they are young! Five musicians—who appear to be in their 20s and 30s—have taken up and merrily revivified this heritage. All that the notes say of their background is that one of them, flutist and singer Lev Liberman, is director of music and performing arts at the Judah Magnes Museum in Berkeley, Calif. But he and his colleagues do not play as if they are in a museum. These are the zestful sounds of vigorously indigenous Yiddishe weddings and cafés and maybe even alfresco sessions on the road.

There are dance tunes, a Gypsy-Jewish ballad, and the Yiddish equivalent of black musicians "playing the dozens"—"Your father greases wagon wheels/ Your mother steals fish at the fair/ Your brother is a cardsharp/And your sister lives with a Cossack." While much of the music, both celebratory and slowly yearning, is old country-deep, there is also a song of the transition to the new land. In *The Greenhorn Cousin*, I see as well as hear certain faded lives in my own childhood ghetto. This song could be about an aunt of mine who came here from Russia, not walking but skipping, not talking but singing. And years later, when asked how she's doing, the sweatshop alumna sighs. And, the song says, "I read from her expression, '*Brenen zol Columbus's medine!*'" (Columbus's land should only burn.)

Hard dues and proud roots, romance and even a little ecstasy. They're all in the music of these *klezmorim* of the New World who have somehow found a passage back to the Old. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Among my Christmas presents was half a case of Chateau Mouton Rothschild, 1974. On the label, black on an ochre ground, is a "Dessin *inédit*" by Robert Motherwell. The surprise of having an Abstract Expressionist with the wine leads to the following reflections. The image on the label, 4 inches wide and a little less than 1½ high, is taken from an oil sketch measuring 6-by-12 inches commissioned by Baron Philippe de Rothschild in 1975 specifically for use as a label. The drawing is not one of Motherwell's "Elegies to the Spanish Republic," in which vertical bars and ovals alternate. The Rothschild Motherwell is of a flowing black form that runs across the surface and off the edge at several places. It is a spreading arabesque, similar to those in recent paintings, such as "Study for Kilimanjaro" (1975), "Ancestral Presence," "Les Caves" and "Threatening Presence" (all 1976).

Thus it seems fair to say that Motherwell's sketch is not marginal; it belongs to the main line of his later work. How does he view his recent work? In H.H. Arnason's book on him (Abrams, 1977) the artist observes himself as follows: "In my sixties and not without regard for the popularization and vulgarization of so much abstract art during the last twenty years, I find a certain personal atavism, a growing desire for an almost primeval force . . . becoming stronger. I now think as often of Stonehenge as of Brancusi, of Lascaux and Altamira as well as of Guernica, of the Vikings rather than the Parisians or New Yorkers."

That is a remarkable statement in the present context. We are asked to see the design for a wine label as compatible with art of "an almost primeval force." Here is an artist who dreams of Vikings and sells his work for use on a commodity. It is an odd way to resist the "vulgarization" of abstract art. Ellsworth Kelly has not designed a lipstick case nor Frank Stella a package, to name a couple of younger artists. Is there a link to Mallarmé, whose name is evoked by Motherwell in the title of

Please enter a subscription to The Nation as checked below for
☐ 1 year (47 issues) $21.00 ☐ 2 years (94 issues) $37.00
Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Send a gift subscription to: ☐ Gift 1 year $18.00
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10014
Add $1.00 per year for Canada and Mexico; add $2.00 per year for all other foreign subscriptions.

10
WEEKS
TRIAL
SUBSCRIPTION
$5
☐
1-14-78

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one of his works? Mallarmé, after all, wrote about current fashion. However, what we are given on the label is only the reproduction of a larger work, not an exquisitely crafted solution to a specific occasional problem.

It is characteristic of reproductions that they do not communicate the sense of scale of original works of art: large and small get scrambled. This is also true of repetitive, one-image abstract art, such as Motherwell's. The initiating work for the "Elegies," for instance, is 15-by-20 inches, but the variations on it are large paintings; and "Ancestral Presence," mentioned above, is 15 feet long, "Study for Kilimanjaro" 30 inches. The little wine label then is well within the fluctuating scale of drawing used as painting, in which the number of formal elements is not varied according to paper or canvas size. It can be said that such art has absorbed characteristics of reproduction, legibility and scalelessness. Thus if an Abstract Expressionist had to do a wine label, at least the right one has done it.

If we regard Motherwell's label as the epitome of midtown frivolity, we can contrast it with the demonstration of downtown seriousness in "Tenth Street Days: The Co-ops of the 50s." This is an anthology of eight cooperative galleries housed at five new co-ops (the Pleiades, Amos Eno, Fourteen Sculptors, Noho and Ward-Nasse Galleries). The artist-run galleries, on and around East 10th Street, which began in 1952 with the Tanager and the Hansa Galleries and lasted for about a decade, are again timely. One reason is that the current wave of co-ops directs our attention to the earlier phase. It was less socially aware than the later generation of co-ops, but one notes from the lists of members in the catalogue the increasing presence of women: ten out of thirty-two at the James, fourteen out of forty-four at the Camino, eleven out of twenty-four at the Area.

Another reason for the revival of interest is that the style requirements of the 1960s are no longer binding. Joellen Bard, who acted as curator for the show, has managed to collect works from the period when the galleries were active, giving the show an accurate historical dimension. The catalogue lists 188 works, few if any of them are Field or Stain paintings; and there are perhaps half a dozen Hard Edge paintings. Nor are there many realists: John Ireland Collins, Paul Georges, Daphne Mumford, Alice Neel (Alex Katz of the Tanager declined to show).

The bulk of the work is abstract, either gestural (big brush marks) or painterly (small brush marks), often indebted to de Kooning's manual display and allusive image-traces. Centralized forms turn into figures, such as Charles Cajori's "Lovers" or Nicholas Marsicano's "Semele," and loose forms into landscapes, such as Andrée Golbin's "Monhegan" or Yvonne Thomas's "The Quarry." This is a style that assumes the seismic function of brushwork and opposes the medium purity and concreteness of abstract art. Such a view of art included figurative imagery: the works at the Hansa Gallery, for instance, consisted largely of figure painters, such as Jan Müller, Alan Kaprow and George Segal (then painters), Fay Lansner and Lilly Brodie. The mode was pro-myth, allegorical, generalized, not realistic and specific; it was a way of keeping the genres of nude and landscape alive during a period briefly dominated by the convergence of abstraction and painterliness. The 1950s was also the decade of assemblage, represented here by Jean Follett, Irwin Fleminger, Francis Jennings and Bernard Langlais. The cluster of "Tenth Street" exhibitions is open until January 7, after which a traveling version will be circulated by the Gallery Association of New York. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Padre Padrone, written and directed by the brothers Paolo and Vittorio Taviani from the autobiography of Gavino Ledda, is a flawed but deeply interesting picture. Its plot is summed up in its title—Gavino's father is also his master, and he must break the former in order to win his freedom from the latter. Dragged from school at the age of 7 or 8 to tend his father's sheep on pastures high in the remote and eerie Sardinian mountains, Gavino (Saverio Marconi) grows to young manhood in a state of illiteracy and resentful darkness of mind. He enters the army as a volunteer, absorbs knowledge—especially the beauty of language—like a thirsty plant, becomes a professor of linguistics and a sophisticated modern Italian. Apparently, it so happened.

The tone of the film is that of pastoral brutality, overlaid with a symbolism of sight and sound that persistently reminds the audience it is seeing what has been stored in Gavino's discriminating mind. For example, when a pair of itinerant musicians pass near the shepherd's hut, the accordian that one of them is playing transposes on the sound track into a full orchestral performance—such was the impression made on the youth's untended but fertile sensibilities. And on one occasion a wave of eroticism, initiated by the boys, so sweeps through the community that, as the camera draws back to permit a panoramic view of the very beautiful and seemingly tranquil village, one hears a swelling chorus of heavy breathing. This sort of audible imagery occurs throughout the picture; I cannot recall in the movies any similar evocation of the meaning rather than the fact of sound.

The Tavianis deal with life at the edge of bestiality, but they never permit one to forget that they are speaking of men, not beasts. Gavino's father (Omero Antonutti) is brutal from necessity; he is also cruel because, curiously, he is quick-witted and can find no other outlet for his sense of superiority. He must be hard; he fulfills himself by being tyrannical.

With Gavino himself one confronts a problem. The picture is opened and closed by brief appearances of a most attractive and obviously very intelligent man whom I believe to be Gavino Ledda himself. One instantly accepts that such a man might well have achieved the spectacular escape that the film describes. But Marconi, playing Gavino, does not project the illumination of the mind that would make the story plausible. The transformation he undergoes is imposed upon him by the script; his speech changes, but his eyes remain blank. The man who frames the story is proof of the miracle, but the actor does not demonstrate it.

And without having read the book, I suspect that the film version does it scant justice. One feels awkward gaps in the narrative, and there are episodes which, though visually effective, lose their force because they are not sufficiently knit into the main fabric of the picture. However, none of my fault-finding is meant to suggest that *Padre Padrone* is unrewarding. On the contrary, its rewards are notable, but the viewer must project into it his or her own understanding of what it means to become human. As the French use the word, one must "assist" at this performance to appreciate what the Tavianis have to offer. □

YOU CAN FIND PEOPLE OF EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY FOR THE POSITION YOU NEED TO FILL BY ADVERTISING IN THE NATION CLASSIFIEDS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

$1.50 per line / 2 line minimum/ 6 words (45 characters or spaces) per line/ Payment in advance must accompany all orders for less than three consecutive insertions. Classified Display: $20 per inch/ one inch minimum. Send to The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014.

PUBLICATIONS

BULLETIN OF CONCERNED ASIAN SCHOLARS. Two issues with special focuses: South Korea and Thailand. Also essays on India, Vietnam, Japan, China, Diego Garcia. Single issue, $2; Sub.: $8. BCAS, P.O. Box W, Charlemont, MA 01339.

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO SAN CLEMENTE." For 256 pages of top socio-political satire, send $6.45 (PPD) to: SPECIAL FEATURES WORKSHOP, 89 Ocean Drive East, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.

CLANDESTINE AMERICA, a newsletter on current investigations into political assassinations and secret movements. $6 annual for 6 issues. Write: Assassination Information Bureau, 1322 18th St. NW #21-N, Washington, D.C. 20036.

COMMUNAL LIVING MAGAZINE. Sample $1. UTOPIAN EYES, P.O. Box 1174-N, San Francisco 94101.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

'TECHNOCRACY—Technological Social Design' available for one dollar from Technocracy, Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

1971-1975 SET of The Nation, Volumes 213-220 available. Please send inquiries to Box 401, The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., NYC 10014.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

FICTION/NON F from stock or will search. Send titles-stamp, Box 233, Tatamy, Pa. 18085.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

WANTED. Active members for THE COMMITTEE FOR THE ON-GOING REVOLUTION. Don't just stand there! JOIN NOW. For information write COMFORT, 605 W. 47 St., Suite 114, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

SELF-EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY. No investment required. Write to Rich Hegler, 1565 Woods Road B5, Winston Salem, N.C. 27106 for information.

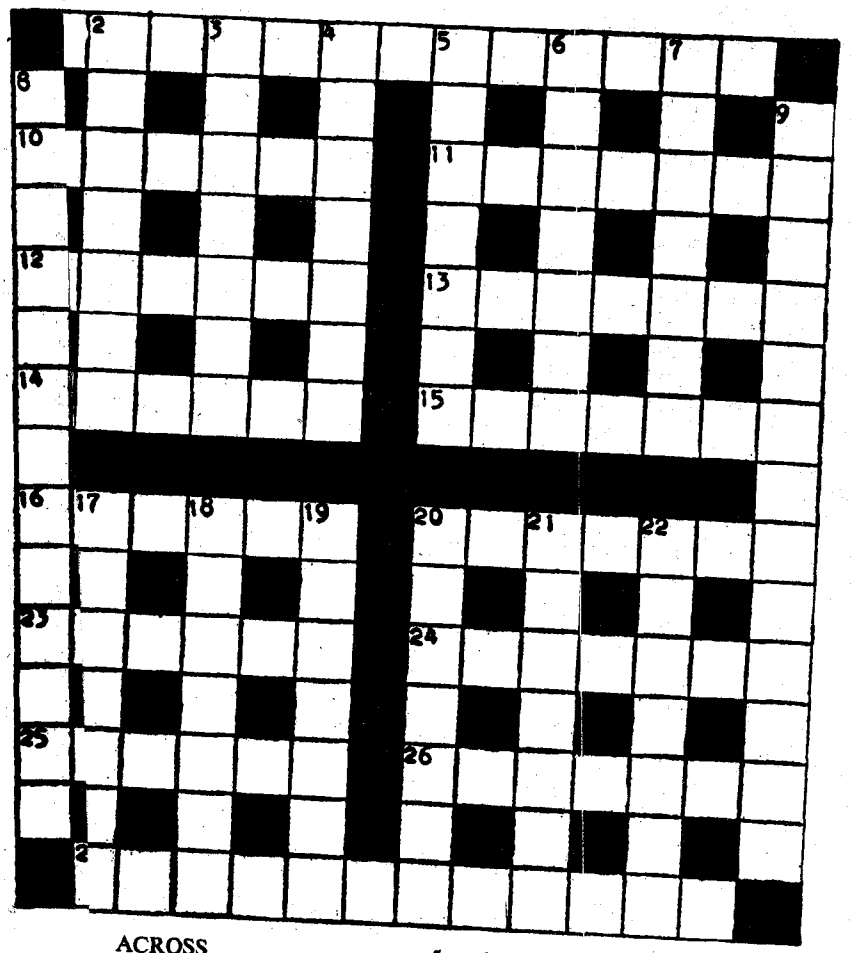
MISCELLANEOUS

BEETHOVEN — magnificent lithographic print, poster size (14 x 18). $5.00 p.p. Classic Graphics, 5536 32 St., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20015

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. New. Information: N20, RD 1, Box 490, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1709

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Birthl might, but one ducks the questio it. (5,3,5)
10 Rou about to add what the undertaker the job. (7)
11 God riage? (7)
12 A p someone's birth? That's one side oin! (7)
13 Rou shingle, so to speak. (7)
14 Help ut. (7)
15 A sl eave, and can combine to make (7)
16 and 1 On Saturday night, is it first y, then the older kids? (Sor ght be entitled to it.) (5,2, 3,4)
20 Impo (7)
23 Some axwell Anderson wrote? Right)
24 You'll ee Grand Canyon so with glasse
25 One h cold. (7)
26 It's n be caught out so. (3-4)
27 How 1's child dressed, with it being 2,11)

DOWN

2 More half-dozen on each side of a counter. (3-1-3)
3 One meter sure changes confines!
4 Some ice thought it unwise to dine h. (7)
5 and 20 down The specific reason you have fast and direct aim. (7,7)
6 Decoration you have to reach with a broken leg. (7)
7 Straighten out the international dance, somewhat dated. (7)
8 One doesn't mind being beaten, but likes to have the whip hand occasionally. (13)
9 If you have a penchant re SS escapees, it might show up people like Circe. (13)
17 Honor, if surrounded by the dying sort. (7)
18 A liqueur possibly produced at a fair. (7)
19 Is "ward off" a synonym—or just "protect"? (7)
20 See 5 down
21 Where to look for Muslim legal advice, if not in uniform. (2,5)
22 See 16 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1708

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Blowing bubbles; 9 Howlers; 10 Snowman; 11 Norma; 12 Even money; 15 Testudo; 18 Owe; 20 Say; 21 and 24 No great shakes; 26 and 23 September Song; 28 Lehar; 29 Aviator; 30 Flocked; 31 Kindles; 32 Satisfy. DOWN: 1 and 18 Behind one's back; 2 Onward; 3 Iterative; 4 Gussets; 5 Busiest; 6 Bloom; 7 Luminous; 8 Sonny Boy; 13 and 14 Two bits; 16 Single out; 17 Dam; 19 Egyptian; 22 Tabards; 23 Strafes; 25 Friday; 27 Extol.

Readers invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT ABOUT JEWS ISN'T IN THE NEW YORK TIMES

(OR THE WASHINGTON POST OR ON CBS)

Some of our best friends report for the general press. But when they write on the critical questions of Jewish survival and the future shape of Judaism they write for Present Tense, published by the American Jewish Committee.
In every issue there is news about Jewish life—written from the heart and the spirit—found nowhere else in the world. Here is a sample of the knowledge $9 a year buys:

On American Jews: "For the first time in American history, American Jews feel secure enough in their Jewishness and in their Americanism to challenge major aspects of this country's foreign policy." Stephen Isaacs, Summer '74.

On Soviet Jews: "The historic turning-point was the trial in 1970 of eleven foolish, naive young people who hoped to steal a small airplane and fly to freedom in Scandinavia." Murray Seeger, Autumn '75.

On searching for roots in Eastern Europe: "Where was my mother's home? Where was the path she must have walked to the Narew River she had told me about? Where was the synagogue and where was the market place?" Sigmund Diamond, Spring '76.

On Jerusalem: "No place on earth offers so many delights to the eye, the ear and the mind as Kollek's Jerusalem, but one must find the time to stand and stare." Chaim Bermant, Spring '74.

On renewed interest in Judaica among young Americans: "The young people perceived themselves as survivors of the failures of Jewish education and the false values of America." Sylvia Rothchild, Summer '75.

On Israel's Nature Reserves: "It may be that General Yoffe's animals will somehow lead the people of the Middle East to peace one day. But the tanks were in the mountains, waiting. The real beast in the desert was still man." Robert Spero, Summer '76.

On being a Jewish poet: "The truest Jewish poetry will be written out of the inward preoccupations of people who happen to be Jews." M. L. Rosenthal, Winter '76.

On the Persian Gulf arms race: "The ramifications of what is happening... extend from the Caspian Sea to the Suez Canal and from the African Coast to Pakistan." Tad Szulc, Spring '75.

On Israel's Arab intellectuals: "I am an Israeli but I cannot be a Jew." Naomi Shepherd, Spring '75.

On American foreign policy: "American companies, which for so long ave considered 'our companies,' have in fact bethe policing agents of the Arabs' boycott against S." Paul Dickson, Spring '74.

On Sofrica: "To live with such a system of laws, with cdes of racial purity, with leaders who admirer, to live in South Africa as a Jew and to be silent apy takes some special skills." Rose Moss, Winter

Presese: 1 Year: $9!

PRESHSE
165 E.Street New York, N.Y. 10022
Yes, esubscription

Name_____
Addr_____
City _____
State_____ Zip_____

☐ Paclosed (I am entitled to an extra issue FREE!)
☐ 2 ssues) $15 ☐ 1 year (4 issues) $9
☐ Bi Charge my ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge

Ameri
Maste

Sigedit Card Expiration Date

PRESENT NSE

The Magazine of World Jeirs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED